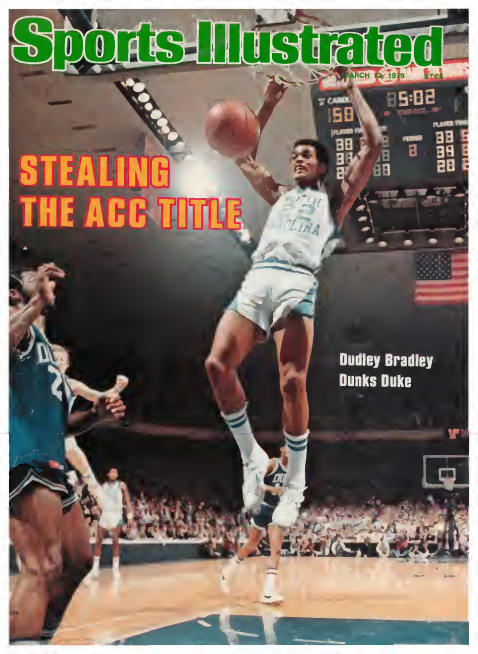


# Sports Illustrated



MARCH 12, 1979

\$1.25

## STEALING THE ACC TITLE

**Dudley Bradley  
Dunks Duke**



**British taste / American price:**  
**The two sides of Burnett's**  
**White Satin Gin**

Of all the gins distilled in America, only Burnett's uses an imported Coffey still. The same kind of still that's used in Britain. That's how we keep our taste so British, and our price so American.

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. • DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN • DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • THE SIR ROBERT BURNETT CO., BALTIMORE, MD. • 80 & 85 PROOF

# 'I didn't sacrifice great flavor to get low tar.'

"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy.

"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked.

"For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

*Pete Giacoppo*  
Pete Giacoppo  
New York City, New York



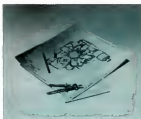
## Vantage

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's.

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL.  
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Phase 2:  
A 4.3-litre V8  
diesel  
for  
mid-size  
passenger  
cars.



## Only Oldsmobile now offers diesel V8s available in 19 different models.

Last year Oldsmobile introduced the world's first diesel V8 for full-size cars. This year we've introduced a new 4.3-litre diesel V8—especially for mid-size cars.

Only Oldsmobile now offers diesel V8s available in 19 different models—more than any other car line in the world.

Exceptional fuel economy. Now you can have the size car you want, with the fuel economy you need today. And you'll save money on every gallon based on the traditional price difference between diesel fuel and unleaded gasoline.

| EPA mpg ratings—diesel V8 |                  |                      |
|---------------------------|------------------|----------------------|
| Models                    | Estimated<br>mpg | Estimated<br>Highway |
| C. Salons (4)             | 29               | 32                   |
| C. Supremes (3)           | 29               | 32                   |
| C. Cruisers (2)           | 29               | 29                   |
| Delta 88s (4)             | 29               | 29                   |
| Ninety-Eights (4)         | 29               | 29                   |
| Toronado (1)              | 29               | 29                   |
| Custom Cru. (1)           | 29               | 28                   |

Remember: Compare this *estimate* to the "estimated mpg" of other cars. You may get different mileage depending on your speed, trip length and weather. Your actual highway mileage will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy.

Smooth and quiet performance. Diesels traditionally haven't been famous for smooth, quiet performance. But these V8-design diesels may surprise you. They're unusually smooth and quiet for diesels, especially at cruising speeds.

More miles per gallon... less cost per gallon... smooth, quiet performance. Too good to be true? Test-drive a diesel Olds today!

**Oldsmobile**

Have one built for you.





# KING COBRA

The King Cobra...the largest venomous snake on earth. It can deliver more venom than any other snake—enough poison to kill a 5-ton elephant in a matter of hours! The sensors in its flicking, forked tongue alert it instantly to the presence of prey. Its lethal venom is discharged through short, hollow teeth...while its double-hinged jaw and elastic throat permit it to consume prey much larger than itself.

The King Cobra—deadly, mysterious—is just one of the fascinating creatures you'll meet in *Reptiles & Amphibians*, your introductory volume in the **WILD, WILD WORLD OF ANIMALS** library—based on the popular TV series from **TIME-LIFE TELEVISION**.

*Reptiles & Amphibians* will bring you face-to-face with some of the world's most elusive, dangerous, and useful creatures...all in their own way vital to mankind in keeping the balance of nature. You'll discover:



Cuban knight anole is the giant of the genus at 18 inches.

- **Flying Snake of Borneo**, actually capable of "flight" between trees up to 40 yards apart...
- **Anaconda**, a constrictor which grows to a length of more than 25 feet (one such snake was reported to have devoured a five-foot caiman—whole!)...
- **Gila Monster**, which hangs onto its prey with such tenacity, it sometimes can only be torn loose with pliers...
- **Racer Snake**, which can easily outdistance a man over rough terrain by means of a complex serpentine locomotion...
- **Crocodile**, slowly driven toward extinction by its own cannibalism of its young...and man's greed for its hide.
- **Eastern Diamondback**, responsible for more deaths in the U.S. than all other snakes combined...

## Discover the action-photo excitement of the **WILD, WILD WORLD OF ANIMALS**

Send for *Reptiles & Amphibians* today for a 10-day free examination—and begin your journey into the lairs of the earth's deadliest creatures!



The poisonous tropical frog...toxin from his skin can paralyze on contact!

The **WILD, WILD WORLD OF ANIMALS** library takes you on an incredible photographic safari. You'll roam jungles and plains in *The Cats* to watch cheetahs, leopards and lions. You'll dive to the ocean's floor in *Dangerous Sea Creatures* to see the terrifying great white shark and the needle-sharp teeth of the barracuda. You'll enter the miniature world of *Insects & Spiders* to discover complex social structures. Future volumes such as *Monkeys & Apes*, *Elephants & Other Land Giants*, *Bears & Other Carnivores*, introduce you to all of the animal kingdom's astonishing creatures.

**TIME LIFE**  
**TELEVISION**

**To examine *Reptiles & Amphibians* for 10 days free, mail the attached postage-paid card today!**

...18 feet of  
swaying death!



**TIME LIFE  
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Deer  
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Wild World of Animals  
**Elephants  
& Other Land Giants**

Wild World of Animals  
**Monkeys &  
Apes**

Wild World of Animals  
**Birds**  
of Sea, Shore & Stream

Wild World of Animals  
**Dangerous  
Sea  
Creatures**

Sharks Rays Electric Eels Octopuses  
and Mysterious Fish

Wild World of Animals  
**Reptiles  
& Amphibians**



Snakes Lizards Crocodiles  
Turtles Salamanders Frogs

# In Saronno, all we think about is love.



That's all we've been thinking about for 450 years. Because this is where the drink of love began. With Amaretto di Saronno. If what you're drinking doesn't come from Saronno, how do you know it's love?

## Amaretto di Saronno: The Original.

Liquor 36 proof. Imported by, Foreign Vineyards, Inc., Jersey City, New York. © 1979

"...keep it low, play to his backhand,  
and get yourself an Ektelon."



For a free copy of Ektelon's 24-page "Guide to Better Racquetball" write:  
EKTELON, Dept. 51-10, 7079 Mission Gorge Road, San Diego, CA 92120.

**EKTELON**

The most recommended  
racquet in racquetball!

\*RESEARCH RESULTS AVAILABLE FROM EKTELON

# Shopwalk

by JEANNETTE BRUCE

IN ENVIRONMENT, YOU'VE GOT THE SUN  
IN THE MORNING, AT NOON AND NIGHT

"A gentle mist rolls through the enclosure with a circulating air current, opening your pores and breathing passages. ... The Spring Showers begin to fall gently massaging and refreshing your senses. ... Bring on the winds. They warm, they dry. You flex and stretch and exercise as you like while the winds gently buffet your hair and skin."

Where is this idyllic spot? An island in the Bahamas? The deck of a ship cruising the Mediterranean? No, but it can be a designated area in your own home where the Kohler Company of Wisconsin will install its latest plumbing extravaganza, a leak-tined enclosure called Environment. Provided, of course, that you have \$12,000 and a bathroom large enough to accommodate the nine-foot-long, seven-foot-high "oasis."

The idea is to be able to select your own climate whenever you want it, according to a brochure from Kohler that depicts a young lady lying in the altogether in her Environment. Her bathroom looks roughly the size of a hotel lobby. In time sequence, programmed by means of a control panel, the enclosure can produce Warm Ambience (four heat lamps go on for a specified length of time), followed by Bija Sun (four sun lamps), Tropic Rain (warm-water spray), Jungle Steam (there's a steam generator located beneath the deck of the enclosure), Spring Showers (cool spray) and, finally—to dry you off—Chinook Winds (two warm-air systems). Environment makes the most elaborate sauna seem little more than a hot telephone booth.

Think of it. No more rushing off to the airport to escape winter's icy blavis, no surly hotel portiers, no seeking out the sun only to be greeted by a deluge of rain. Or, as the Kohler folks put it, "Maybe you can't live in a perfect climate. But that doesn't mean you can't own one."

Environment can also be loaded with options: A stereo system, art nouveau silkscreened on the back panel, a terrarium or aquarium placed behind the large porthole at the front of the enclosure.

If \$12,000 or so is a little rich for your blood, you might try a smaller version of Environment, called Habitat. It costs only about \$5,000, but be warned: You'll have to pay extra for Jungle Steam, and the Chinook Winds have been replaced by a puffing Warm Breeze. For a complete Environment presentation, send \$2.50 to Dept. EN, Kohler Co., Kohler, Wis. 53044.

END





## Why don't most 19" diagonal television sets cost as much as this one?

It's because the attractive Quasar® set pictured above offers you some of the most innovative features you can find on any television set. And they're all in the regular price. Including remote control!

This set gives you Quasar's highly advanced 100° deflection Dynabrite® picture tube with its extra focusing lens for an incredibly sharp, clear picture.

And you get our Dynacolor® tuning system that constantly keeps the color picture perfectly balanced—even if the signal from the station varies. (It's so sophisticated it even adjusts picture brightness to changing room light!)

Unlike most television sets which have only one speaker, this set has three speakers. For sound so big it'll make every show richer, fuller and more exciting

(We even included a tone control and a balance control for greater listening enjoyment.)

And only our set offers you Quasar's own Compu-Matic™ Touch Tuning. With a sophisticated built-in microcomputer that lets you switch silently, directly, instantly from channel to channel.

But perhaps the most important thing our set gives you—that no other can—is Quasar's famous reliability. It may not seem important right now, but it could mean everything to you in a few years. So if this

Quasar seems a bit costly now, consider how much more you'll get from it in the years to

come. And see if you're not willing to pay a bit extra for all those extras

**Quasar**  
makes television special again.

Quasar Electronics Company, Franklin Park, Illinois 60131



SIMULATED PICTURE

# The Mazda RX-7 set a new standard



## And now, the Mazda 626 sets a new standard

Rarely does an automobile come along with the handling of a sports car and the smooth ride of an expensive sedan. Add to this the features of a luxury car and a truly reasonable price, and you have the new Mazda 626. A car that combines a feeling of sport with a sense of class.

Its attributes begin the instant you see it. The shape is simple. Clean. Crisp. Aerodynamically efficient.



Beneath the low, sloping hood is a powerful, yet economical 2-litre, 4-cylinder, overhead cam engine (28 estimated MPG, 34 estimated highway MPG\*\*).

For ride and handling, the front suspension and steering system of the 626 are patterned after the Mazda RX-7.

For comfort, there is a lumbar support adjustment on the driver's seat. It is quite likely you will feel well-placed and com-

fortable as never before in an automobile.

For versatility, there is a 60/40 split folding rear seat. With either side folded down, it



of value in sports cars.



## of value in sport coupes: \$5795\*.

allows access to the trunk for long items like skis, while still providing room for at least one rear-seat passenger.

The new Mazda 626 Sport Coupe and Sport Sedan. An au-

tomobile that combines refinement, sport, versatility and

economy. And does it all at a remarkably reasonable price.

A partial listing of standard equipment on Mazda's new standard of value. AM-FM stereo • Five-speed manual transmission (three-speed automatic optional) • Steel-belted radial tires • Power-assisted front disc brakes • Lumbar-support adjustment on driver's

seat • 2-litre overhead cam engine • Tachometer and electronic check panel on Coupe • Electric trunk-release button • Side window demisters • Reminder chime (for headlights left on) • Rear window defroster • Tinted glass • Intermit-

\*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual price established by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, optional equipment and any other dealer charges are extra. 1626 wide alloy wheels shown \$340. Price subject to change without notice.

\*\*EPA estimate for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length. The actual highway mileage will probably be less.



# mazda

The more you look,  
the more you like.

# Benson & Hedges Lights

Only  
11 mg  
tar

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style!"



11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

# SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM

## DRAPÉAU, OUI

A three-member provincial commission in Montreal has been conducting hearings since last September into the cost of the 1976 Olympics, which was budgeted at \$120 million but soared to \$1.27 billion. The commission, headed by Superior Court Justice Albert Malouf, was supposed to have finished its work by Dec. 31, but it became bogged down and the inquiry has been extended until next fall.

The Malouf panel has established that Gerard Niding, who used to be Mayor Jean Drapeau's righthand man at City Hall, wound up owning a sumptuous country home built and financed by a contractor to whom he steered Olympic business. However, rumors of other improprieties, including bribery and influence peddling, are proving hard to check out. Records of contributions to Drapeau's Civic Party might have helped, but these are forever unavailable. Testifying before the commission, Drapeau casually disclosed that such records were destroyed—for space reasons, he said—shortly after the Olympics.

The hearings have confirmed that Drapeau, Montreal's mayor during 22 of the past 25 years, tried to run the Olympics as a one-man show. Under his lofty, almost imperial, direction, construction began far too late, creating deadline pressures that put planners at the mercy of onerous labor demands. The Games nearly bankrupted Montreal. Nevertheless, it will take testimony of a far more damaging nature to discredit Drapeau with Montreal voters, who admire him for bringing to their city major league baseball and Expo 67, as well as the Olympics. Last November, at a time when the Malouf inquiry was in full swing, Drapeau received 62% of the popular vote to win reelection to another four-year term.

## THANKS, CURT

Rod Carew took a moment during his spring-training debut last week with the

California Angels (page 24) to acknowledge a historical debt. "The guy all of today's baseball players should thank is Curt Flood, who got the whole thing started," Carew said in an interview with *The New York Times'* Dave Anderson. "I wanted to bring Curt to my first press conference with the Angels and thank him publicly, but I couldn't find him."

It happens that Flood is fairly easy to find these days. He is in Oakland, awaiting word on whether Charley Finley intends to retain him as color commentator on A's broadcasts, a job he held last year. But Flood appreciated Carew's gracious words all the same. It was Flood who first challenged baseball's reserve system in the early '70s. He was unsuccessful, but others, emboldened by his action, eventually won the battle, resulting in the lucrative contracts recently signed by Carew and other stars.

"All around the league last season people were expressing appreciation to me in the same vein, and I always answered, 'Hey, that's cool,'" says Flood, who stopped playing in 1971. "And I meant it. I don't resent the big money these free agents are getting today. But I'm astonished by the amounts. If the owners think they can afford salaries in the millions, that's only further proof that we were right in going to court. I know some people think I could be better, but I'm not. I'm getting along."

## TOWERING REPUTATION

In his book *Even Big Guys Cry*, Alex Karras writes of having paid a recruiting visit to Florida State as a high school senior. Karras says he was greeted at the Tallahassee airport by a line coach who "must have been 6'9", weighed close to 300 pounds and had great big muscles on his arms."

Karras went to Iowa and to stardom in the NFL. The Florida State coach, Bob Harbison, is still at Tallahassee. He philosophizes, "If you stay around long enough your reputation grows." Harbison is—and was—6'1" and 215 pounds.

## A GREEN THAT GOES PUTT-PUTT

There are times when golfers having trouble with their approach shots could almost swear that the green up and moved on them. Well, now there's a green that does move. Called GolfFinesse, it's an electrically rigged patch of artificial turf that can be rotated into different positions by the push of a button, thereby providing a seemingly endless choice of "perspectives" for the golfer to practice on. Rotate the green 18 times and you've simulated approaches on what amounts to an entire course. And you can do so in a relatively small area; variety is provided by the moving green, not by acres of terrain.

GolfFinesse was invented by Tom Mueller, a Tempe, Ariz. telephone repairman who has worked as a landscape gardener and has acquired a knowledge of hydraulics as a jet mechanic in the Air Force. His contraption consists of a carpet of contoured synthetic turf mounted



on a wooden frame and bordered by areas colored to suggest traps. Hidden beneath the frame are wheels and a battery-powered motor. Each remote-controlled rotation confronts the golfer with a new configuration. The fact that the green has three holes, facilitating different pin placements, adds to the possible variations.

Mueller and a backer, insurance man Dick Alt, have produced a prototype of a model they plan to market next fall for \$15,000 to \$20,000. They consider GolfFinesse ideally suited for resorts and mo-

continued

# Interstate stiffness?



## Tilt-Wheel to the rescue!

Mile after mile and hour after hour, the highway stretches out. Mile after mile and hour after hour, your arms stretch out. Stiff. Tired. Achy. Tilt-Wheel Steering can help you unbend and unwind. First of all, Tilt-Wheel moves up out of the way to help make getting in and out easier. Then you simply select the most comfortable position, because it adjusts to drivers of various shapes and sizes.



And you can change the position of the wheel while you drive, as often as you like, to make long trips more relaxing.

Some GM cars offer Tilt & Telescope Steering. With it, you can move the wheel toward you or away from you, as well as up and down, for even greater comfort.

Tilt-Wheel Steering is available on all American-built General Motors cars, light-duty trucks and vans. Ask your GM dealer for a demonstration.

**Saginaw Steering Gear Division • General Motors Corporation**



## Vitamin loss. Classic in flu.

When your body reacts to the stress of flu, it increases the rate at which it uses up many kinds of nutrients, including vitamins. From a balanced daily diet, your body can store up most nutrients for such emergency use. However, there are certain vitamins the body can't stockpile, no matter how much you take in. Here's why:

**Water-soluble vs. fat-soluble vitamins.** Your body absorbs two kinds of vitamins from the food you eat: fat-soluble and water-soluble. The fat-soluble vitamins are accumulated in substantial reserves in body tissues. But this is not true of the water-soluble vitamins: B complex and C, and daily replacement through proper diet is considered necessary even when you're well. When your vitamin needs are increased by the stress of infection, immediate supplementation of the water-soluble vitamins B complex and C may be indicated.

**Why many doctors recommend STRESSTABS® 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins.** When the diet is inadequate, STRESSTABS 600 can help you avoid a vitamin deficiency by replacing the

B and C vitamins lost during stress conditions such as flu. STRESSTABS 600 can satisfy above-normal needs for these vitamins by providing above-normal amounts: 600 mg. of vitamin C plus a high potency formula of the B complex vitamins. STRESSTABS 600 also contains vitamin E. Also available: STRESSTABS 600 with Iron.

**Talk to the experts about STRESSTABS 600.** Ask your doctor or pharmacist about this different brand of vitamin. Available at your drug store, in bottles of 30 or 60 tablets.

STRESSTABS 600 won't cure the flu, but it can help you maintain the good nutritional balance you need to fight back.

STRESSTABS 600 and STRESSTABS 600 with Iron are products of Lederle Laboratories.

**Stresstabs 600**  
High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins

CSA 75A

tels and for use on rooftops of downtown buildings, where office workers could play "18 holes" on their lunch breaks. Driving ranges are another potential market. "Right now, you go to a range and hit a lot of balls into open space," says Ali. "How can you improve accuracy by aiming at nothing? Put the moving green on a driving range and you have a realistic target to shoot at."

#### IN GENERAL, A SO-SO FIELD

Georgia Tech Coach Pepper Rodgers plans to introduce a pro-style offense next season, and to this end he has brought in two ex-NFL quarterbacks, Steve Spurrier and Norm Van Brocklin, as assistant coaches. The hiring of the 53-year-old Van Brocklin, fired as head coach of the Atlanta Falcons in 1974, was announced last week by Rodgers, who was himself once a pretty fair quarterback at Georgia Tech.

All of which points up the frequency with which football's so-called field generals become sideline generals. There's just one of 22 positions, but ex-quarterbacks disproportionately fill four of the 28 NFL head coaching jobs—Green Bay's Bart Starr, Baltimore's Ted Marchibroda, Oakland's Tom Flores and Cincinnati's Homer Rice. In the case of big-name quarterbacks, if they're interested, there's usually a head coaching position waiting for them somewhere. Among the most notable, besides Starr and Van Brocklin, have been Sammy Baugh, Frankie Albert, Bob Waterfield and Otto Graham.

But great quarterbacks don't necessarily make great coaches; witness the fact that among the glamorous names listed above, only Albert boasts a career coaching record over .500. Darrell Royal and Joe Paterno were quarterbacks, but Stagg, Rockne, Lombardi, Blink, Bryant, Leahy and Halas weren't. In hiring Spurrier and Van Brocklin, Pepper Rodgers says, "Having been a quarterback is beneficial in coaching other quarterbacks." That's really about all you can say.

#### DAWK TALK

Nobody in Philadelphia will be surprised if Darryl Dawkins goes up for a dunk some day and never comes down. Meanwhile, from the looks of his column in the *Philadelphia Journal*, the 76er center could put Kurt Vonnegut Jr. out of work.

Much of Dawkins' column, entitled

"The Dunkateer Talks Back," is devoted to praising Julius Erving and 76er opponents, and answering fans' questions. But what the author really likes to talk about is his home planet, Lovetron.

"Lovetron is over one million light-years from earth," the 6' 11", 250-pound Dawkins writes. "And we live on love there. We ride on magic carpets that run on Funk Oil." And Lovetron has its own suburb, he says, called Pleasurephonic, "a planet used specifically for cooling out. It's cool, it's calm and nobody does anything at all. Every woman on Pleasurephonic is a brick house."

A reader asks, "Who is the funkiest person on Lovetron?" Answers Dawkins, "I am the funkiest person on Lovetron. Hey, it's my planet."

#### A THRILL A SECOND

The Kentucky Derby lasts about two minutes, and the second Clay-Lisbon fight didn't take that long, but those are regular marathons compared to what took place last week in Nampa, Idaho. There, pep bands, cheerleaders and a crowd of 1,000 turned out for a replay of a protested high school basketball game that lasted exactly one second.

The replay occurred because of a timekeeper's error on a jump ball with just one second remaining in overtime of a district tournament game in which Middleton led Boise's Bishop Kelly 57-55. The tap went to Bishop Kelly's John Brunelle, who heaved up a desperation shot that went in. Had the clock been started properly when the ball was tapped, the basket would have occurred after the buzzer. But the timekeeper mistakenly thought the clock was supposed to be started only when somebody—in this case, Brunelle—gained possession. As a result, the shot beat the buzzer, tying the score 57-57. A second overtime was played, and Bishop Kelly won 63-60.

The next day tournament officials upheld a Middleton protest and ordered the game replayed from the point of the jump ball. And so the teams arrived at the gym, put on uniforms and warmed up. Bands played, cheerleaders and students from the two schools yelled and a radio station aired a pregame—or rather, pre-replay—show. Then came the jump ball. Brunelle again came up with the ball and actually got off a shot, but this time it was no good. The game was over, Middleton winning 57-55.

Bishop Kelly's players wore black armbands for the one-second replay. As they vainly and very unhappily pointed out, the timekeeper in the disputed game had been following the same misguided procedure on jump balls all along, and once or twice it had also worked to Middleton's advantage.

#### SHREWD A SLIPPERY

Slippery Rock is a small Pennsylvania college with a funny name. At least it's funny to public-address announcers at big football schools who are fond of slipping the Slippery Rock score in there among the Notre Dame, Alabama and Texas scores. Now one of those big schools, Michigan, is carrying the joke further—270 miles, to be exact. That's the distance Slippery Rock and Shippensburg State, another Pennsylvania school, will travel next Sept. 29 to play in Michigan's 101,701-seat stadium.

The game is the brainchild of Michigan's hustling athletic director, Don Canham. Michigan's own team has been filling the stadium with such ease in recent years that last year Canham scrapped "Band Day," as one home game had traditionally been designated. Why let, say, 15,000 high school bandmen get in free, Canham reasoned, when those seats could be sold? But some people missed the spectacle of all those massed bandmen. Enter Slippery Rock and Shippensburg, whose game will highlight a new Band Day with, ah, yes, a separate admission. On that day, Sept. 29, Michigan will be playing California at Berkeley. Canham figures the extravaganza will draw as many as 30,000 bandmen, their friends and relatives and Michigan students—a turnout of at least 60,000 all told. Tickets for non-bandmen will be \$4 and \$5.

Bob Raymond, Slippery Rock's athletic director, calls the game "great exposure" for his school, which will be the host team. Regrettably, the Michigan-Cal game will be played too late in the day for its score to be announced before the big throng in Ann Arbor.

#### THEY SAID IT

• John Tate, unbeaten heavyweight boxer: "Any fighter who tries to psych me out is wasting his time, because I know what's in his mind. I don't fear anybody but God. Another boxer might knock you down, but God can do something permanent to you."

END



# Call Johnnie Walker Red. You could win \$25,000.



## Enter the Johnnie Walker Red "Hot Line" Contest. \$50,000 in prizes. From any phone dial toll-free 1-800-223-0353. (In New York State call 1-800-526-2515)

Johnnie Walker Red has re-invented the collect phone call. It's one where you collect. As much as \$25,000.

Here's how it works: Anytime after March 1, call our toll-free number. You'll hear a recorded question. The answer to the question can be found by looking at the labels on any Johnnie Walker Red bottle.

Clip the entry form from this ad or get one from your local participating restaurant or liquor store. Fill in the entry form, including the answer to the question, and mail to the address on the entry form.

If your entry is drawn, you may win \$25,000, \$10,000, \$5,000 in cash or one of 200 Johnnie Walker Red decorator telephones.

Call Johnnie Walker Red. There may be \$25,000 at the end of the line.

On any bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch Whisky labels may also be obtained by requesting some from: Labels: P.O. Box 34, Pound Ridge, New York 10576. Please print or type your name, address, city, state and zip code. 2. Enter as often as you wish but each entry must be mailed in separate envelope no larger than 4 1/2" x 9 1/2". Mail to Johnnie Walker Red, Hot Line Contest, P.O. Box 6680, New Canaan, Connecticut 06840. Entries must be post marked by May 5, 1979 and received by May 12, 1979. 3. Winners will be determined in random drawings, from among all correctly answered and eligible entries conducted by W.P. Service, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final, and will be mailed by mail. 4. First Prize: \$25,000 in cash. Second Prize: \$10,000 in cash. Third Prize: \$5,000 in cash. 200 Fourth Prizes: Johnnie Walker Red Decorator Telephones. The awarding of prizes to prize winners will be subject to the discretion of an official of eligibility and release granting to Somerset Importers, Ltd. the right to use winners' names and photos in its publicity. 5. Prizes are non-transferable, only one prize to a family and no substitution for prizes on offer. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. All 200 prizes (valued at \$51,990) will be awarded. Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of winners. 6. Contest open to residents of the United States. Employees and their families of Somerset Importers, Ltd., their advertising agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, and W.P. Service, Inc. are not eligible. Contest valid in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas, Utah and Virginia and wherever prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. 7. ENTRANTS MUST BE OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE UNDER THE LAWS OF THEIR HOME STATE. 8. All of winners will be furnished two months after the close of the contest to anyone who sends a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Johnnie Walker Red Winners, Ltd., P.O. Box 254, Pound Ridge, New York 10576. Please do not send anything to this box number. 9. The Official Entry Form may not be reproduced. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.

### Official Entry Form The Johnnie Walker Red "Hot Line" Contest

First Prize: \$25,000 in cash  
Second Prize: \$10,000 in cash  
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**Sports Illustrated**

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## HOW UP

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TOMSIC



*Putts that wouldn't fall under Byman (above) and forced a playoff with Schroeder. But at the second extra hole, he got down in par. Schroeder didn't.*

# TO JUICE A CLASSIC

*Arnold Palmer lavished love and money on the old Citrus Open and young Bob Byman squeezed out a victory* **by SARAH PLEGGI**

**A**rnold Palmer has a new toy to go with his Cessna Citation II, his five harness horses and the 4,000 golf clubs he keeps in barrels in the basement of his rambling house in Latrobe, Pa. Now he has a golf tournament, and happily for the PGA Tour, which has long wanted another attractive stop in its Florida lineup, Palmer's Bay Hill Citrus Classic in Orlando, an old event under new management played on a much better golf course, could turn out to be one of the brightest pre-Masters fixtures.

The inaugural at Bay Hill, the club *continued*



The 58th-place finish earned Arnie a cool \$550

that Palmer owns with harness racing's Del Miller and three others, had a field that looked like that of one of PGA Tour Commissioner Deane Beman's compulsory "designated" tournaments. Almost everybody showed up. Palmer merely threw out his net and the fish swam in, including the biggest fish of all, Jack Nicklaus, who had played only the Bob Hope Desert Classic this year. It was like a politician calling in his favors, and there isn't a golfer alive, even Nicklaus, who doesn't owe Palmer one. Jack obliged by committing himself a couple of months early so that his name could be used in promoting the tournament.

In return, every day for six months Palmer devoted himself to providing a golf tournament the players would enjoy. Winnie Palmer took care of the social calendar, and an army of Mark McCormack's International Management Group minions looked after the sponsors

But the golf course was Arnold's special concern, and by the time his guests arrived, it was in such fantastic shape the players agreed to a man (something they rarely do about anything) that it was the best-conditioned layout they had seen this year. Jerry Pate even compared it to Augusta National, golf's Eden before the fall. As they played their practice rounds and looked over Bay Hill's 7,100 splendidly groomed yards, some said it was too long, some that its par-3s should be shortened and some that with the wrong wind it would be unfair. But they all applauded the fairways, the rough and the greens, which they said were perfect.

An alarm should go off when the pros say greens are perfect. What they mean is they are perfect for shooting 64s, which is what Andy Bean did the first day. "Bean destroys Bay Hill!" screamed a headline in the *Orlando Sentinel-Star*. Jim Colbert shot 65; Ed Sneed and Ray Floyd had 66s; and altogether, 52 of the field of 144 shot even par 71 or better.

A lot of theorizing followed about why a course that was supposed to be rife with peril had rolled over and played dead. "These guys are the best golfers in the world," explained Colbert, lamely, but Palmer said it was because the PGA Tour field staff was mucking about with his golf course. By moving the tee markers forward from the championship tees to the members' tees, the PGA staff had shortened the 8th and 9th holes by 20 and 30 yards, respectively, and Palmer was hopping mad. "I think if you shoot par you should be able to know you've shot a good round," he growled. Nicklaus shot a 68 and said he had not played or putted particularly well. Leonard Thompson, who had one of four 67s, said, "I could tell Arnold didn't have anything to do with setting the course up today. But I don't second-guess the field staff. I've long since learned you have to cut your sock out of your mouth when you do that."

The real reason for the low scoring, as Sneed pointed out after his second-day 69, was that the greens were soft and hospitable to all kinds of approach shots. "When the greens hold a shot easily, it's not so important if your drive isn't in the fairway," said Sneed. "It's different when the greens are hard." The greens were also slow. Instead of quaking over their 10- and 12-foot putts, the pros were stroking them confidently with reasonable expectation of their going in.

A bit of a breeze came up Friday and there were no more 64s, but in spite of that, 48 players shot par or better. Bean, at nine under, still led, even with two bogeys on the back nine. Behind him were Sneed at seven under and, at six under, Pate, Bill Rogers, John Schroeder and newcomer Joe Hager, whose 66 tied for low round of the day.

The most notable disaster of the round befell the tour's current leading money-winner, Lon Hinkle, who followed a 71 with an 83 and missed the cut. Hinkle, playing with Nicklaus and starting on the back nine, was struggling to keep the ball in play all day. When he got to the 6th hole, a long, tempting dogleg curving to the left around the edge of a lake, he hooked two drives into the water, the first a full 30 yards off shore, and wound up with an 11. Lee Trevino hit three balls into the same lake the next day, finished with a 78 and withdrew, saying he could make more money selling soda pop on Sunday than playing golf.

Finally, on Saturday the wind began to blow, and as the weather changed so did the face of the Bay Hill Citrus Classic. "I finished without falling in the water. That's about all I can say," said Schroeder of his 72, which included a double-bogey on 17 and a bogey on 18. "I was in the water all day," said Bean, who shot a 76 with two double-bogeys and dropped from first to fifth place. "When I mess up I do it good." "When you're not sure what club to use," said Sneed after a 73, "you often hit a bad shot because it's hard to believe in what you're doing."

When the ripples on the water at 17 and 18 had subsided on Saturday evening, the new leader, at six under par, was 23-year-old Bob Byman, an Arnold Palmer-scholarship golfer from Wake Forest who is the best-looking blond to earn his way onto the tour since Ben Crenshaw showed up six years ago. Byman kept his wits when all about him were losing theirs and blaming it on the wind, and shot a 70. He even birdied the treacherous 17th, a 223-yard par-3 that is almost entirely over water, and in Nicklaus' opinion the best hole on the Bay Hill course. One stroke behind Byman at five under were Schroeder, Sneed and Rex Caldwell. Bean, having lost five strokes, was now tied for fifth with Dave Edwards, Danny's younger brother, at four under. At three under were Nicklaus, Rogers, Fuzzy Zoeller and Rik Mass-

sengale. A fearsome livesome was at two under—Tom Watson, Hale Irwin, Leonard Thompson, Grier Jones and J. C. Snead—all well within reach.

Sunday might have been a free-for-all like Saturday had the wind blown as hard, had Nicklaus, Snead and Zoeller not chosen to shoot their worst scores of the week, had Rogers not bogeyed 18 or had Irwin hit his last putt just a little harder. Instead it ended in a cliff-hanger between Schroeder and Byman.

Schroeder is 33 and the winner of one tournament. He has been on the tour for 10 years, improving markedly in the last two. He is the son of Ted Schroeder, who won Wimbledon in 1949 and played on 10 U.S. Davis Cup teams. He grew up in La Jolla, Calif., in somewhat privileged circumstances, and because of that and his custom-tailored golf clothes, his nickname on the tour is Star.

Until Sunday, Byman, 23, had been a star in Europe and the Far East but a rabbit in the U.S. He has won two Dutch, one Scandinavian and a New Zealand Open, three of them before he qualified for the U.S. tour. He failed twice at the tour qualifying schools, but said Sunday, "Looking back on it, I think it toughened me." Nevertheless, rather than try a third time, he went to Europe, gained confidence in his self-taught swing with his triumphs there and acquired Mark McCormack as his agent and Dunlop as his corporate patron. He finally got through Q school last spring.

Byman started his last round with three birdies in the first five holes. At the turn he was leading Schroeder by one and Bean by two. When Schroeder double-bogeyed the 12th and was suddenly three strokes behind, it looked as if the only excitement was going to rise out of either a Byman collapse, a reasonable bet, or a challenge from Bean, Rogers or Irwin. But on the closing holes, Schroeder came to life again. He holed a 30-foot putt for a birdie on 16 and a 15-footer for another birdie on the difficult 17th. With that, Byman's lead was down to one stroke, which dissolved to no edge at all when he missed a four-foot putt for par on 17 a few minutes later.

The 18th is a hole that Palmer had redesigned especially for the tournament, lowering the green 12 feet to create an amphitheater effect and changing it from a routine par-5 to a very tough par-4—too tough, some players said. As a closing hole, it was every bit as dramatic as

it was intended to be, especially on the last day.

Schroeder hit into the right rough and then into a bunker at the back of the green. As he walked toward the green, Byman was bogeying 17, so they were tied at seven under. Schroeder's third shot out of the bunker rolled down a slope toward the pin and past it and on and on—15 feet or so. Miraculously, considering the situation, he almost holed the putt coming back for par. Now, at six under, he had to watch as Byman played the hole. Byman also hit into the rough and then over the back edge. His pitch from the left rear of the green was hit well, but it too rolled down past the pin—10 feet in his case. Byman putted boldly coming back, but missed, and off they went to the 15th tee for sudden death, with the sky growing dark and thunder rumbling in the distance.

On the first playoff green, Byman's birdie putt hung on the lip and Schroeder's, for par, rolled in the side door, but at the 16th, it was Schroeder's that hung and the first Citrus Classic at Bay Hill was over, Palmer, watching a young man win his first tournament on a monitor from the TV tower at 18, sounded genuinely wistful when he said, "It takes me back about 25 years. He has a great future in front of him."

Palmer's new baby would seem to have formidable long-range prospects, too, at least partly because of his and Winnie's

devotion to the tournament. The Palmers live in a large airy condominium at Bay Hill overlooking Lake Tibet Butler, the marshy home of herons and egrets and an alligator that surfaces when Palmer whistles, and is rewarded with marshmallows. During the tournament, the daily parties at the Palmers' were informal and hospitable, and that was the style of the event as well. All week long Arnold and Winnie darted around in golf carts, stopping here and there to offer aid and comfort. "Anything you want? Anything you need?" Palmer must have asked a thousand times. His 59th-place finish, 16 strokes behind the winner, was hardly surprising considering such interruptions as the arrival at 8:30 a.m. Thursday of two highway patrolmen to fingerprint him because one of the harness horses he owns in partnership with Miller, a trotter named Deke Palmer (after Arnold's father), was scheduled to race that night at Pocomo Park. With Miller at the reins, Deke Palmer won and paid \$8.

According to Alastair Johnston, a young Scot from Glasgow who is Palmer's man inside McCormack's IMG, the Bay Hill Citrus Classic, done as Arnold wanted it done, cost \$11 million. That's a lot of toy for the kid who grew up beside the 5th fairway at LaSalle and used to offer to hit the women members' drives over the creek in front of the tee for a nickel.

840

All tournament long, new sponsor Palmer bustled about, offering aid and comfort and autographs.





*Flashing to victory, Annemarie Moser-Pröll outraced—and delightfully outwared—the women's field*

## DOWNHILL ALL THE WAY

*And then some, as one famous and one unknown Austrian triumphed on Whiteface while U.S. ski hopes came tumbling down* **by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON**

The downhill ski race, fraught as it is with derring-do and danger, is the centerpiece of winter sports competition and no Olympics would be worth its medals without one. But when the world's best Alpine racers came to Lake Placid from Europe last week, they were skeptical. They had heard that the 1980 Olympic runs on Whiteface Mountain were flat, boring and less than technically perfect, and that the machine-made snow was undependable. As a Swiss coach noted archly to a U.S. official, "We hear that this course is best raced on cross-country skis."

It took just one day of training to change those views. When the pre-Olympic World Cup downhill were over, nearly everyone agreed that what had been fashioned among the craggy rocks and old stumps on Whiteface were two downhill courses that rank among the fiercest in the world.

This grudging acceptance came in spite of the weather, a continuation of one of the weirdest winters in north country history. The snow ranged from rock-hard ice to mashed potatoes—often a bit of both on the same day.

For last Friday's women's downhill, it

was warm and damp. A light layer of mist drifted down the mountainside and an inch of wet new snow blanketed the course. The doughy Cindy Nelson, now 23 and in her eighth year of world-class racing for the U.S. team, had clocked consistently impressive times in practice. She needed them: just a week earlier she had been beaten by West Germany's Irene Epple for the U.S. national downhill championship on the same run. But now Nelson seemed to be at peak form. Her training times were far better than those of Annemarie Moser-Pröll of Austria, the perennial downhill queen. But Moser-Pröll, 25, had won five of six downhills (Cindy won the other one) going into last week's competition, putting her career total at a record five World Cup championships, a record 58 World Cup wins and eight Olympic or world championship medals.

On Friday, Moser-Pröll started 11th, swinging smoothly through the tight turns on the top third of the run in 40.34 seconds. She picked up speed in the less technical second third, then settled into a constant tuck to maintain the pace down the flat, wet lower slopes to finish in 1:43.07. At that point, no one knew if the time would stand, but when Nelson pushed herself out of the starting gate 11 racers later, Moser-Pröll was still leading on the board.

Nelson slammed down the intricate top section, her form perfect and her line better than the others'. Her interval time was a superb 40.14, two-tenths better than Moser-Pröll. It looked like Nelson might be primed for an upset. Then, suddenly, she slowed. And slowed again, almost visibly. The cause was clearly a waxing problem. By the time she was moving across the flats to the finish, her skis were running so badly that she lost a full second to Moser-Pröll in the last 33 seconds of the run. If the two had run that section side by side, the Austrian would have gained 25 yards on her. Nelson finished in 1:44.25, good for eighth place.

When the race was over, the incomparable Moser-Pröll had won yet again, followed by Marie-Theres Nadig and Bernadette Zurbriggen of Switzerland. The next-best U.S. finisher was Roxanne Toly, Park City, Utah, in 12th, with 11 other U.S. racers buried even further in the snows. "I don't think Annemarie did anything better than I did," Nelson said. What the Austrian obviously had done was wax better for the conditions.

Certainly the weather was erratic. In the weeks before the World Cup circus came to town, Lake Placid had been beset with temperatures as low as  $-40^{\circ}$ . It got so cold that the four feet of snow on Whiteface turned as hard as concrete. To soften up the courses for racing, officials trundled out Snowcats and dozens of volunteers attacked the runs with metal-toothed garden rakes. Most of them wore crampons, and the smarter ones tied themselves to trees to keep from careening down the mountain if they fell.

If such courses are dangerous to workers, they are death-defying to racers. Particularly the men's run, a frightening slash of turns and drops that falls from the wind-blasted peak to one point called Victoria, where racers have been officially clocked as fast as 87 mph.

But no sooner had the workers chopped up the ice than the weather struck again. Saturday dawned warm and radiant, turning the men's course to mush. As a result, the application of ski wax became more important than the application of the skier. The winner turned out to be Peter Wirsberger, 20, an Austrian who was 19th in last year's FIS world championship at Garmisch and has won only one other World Cup downhill in his career. He gave full credit to his skis. "I have Fischer this year," he said. "Last year I raced on Kneissl. My Fischers always want to go fast; my Kneissls, never." Lest that sound like just another commercial from just another highly paid young amateur, consider the case of Franz Klammer.

Celebrated around the world after his stunning gold-medal race at the Innsbruck Olympics, Klammer has fallen upon hard times—his best downhill finish this season has been fifth, his worst, 40th. And Klammer just happens to have switched from Fischer to Kneissl skis. He shrugs it off. "Others use them and they are in the top five," he says. "No, it is me. At the beginning of the season, I thought, 'This can't be! I can't be this slow!' But I was so slow and now, all the time, I am thinking, trying to remember what I did when I skied so fast. And nobody can tell me. So I just tell myself not to feel concerned. Stay happy. Go out and have a good time. There are worse fates in the world than one of being a slow ski racer." Klammer's fate did not change at Whiteface: he finished 19th. Behind Wirsberger were Peter Müller of Switzerland and David Murray of Canada.

Again, the U.S. racers were buried.

In the men's giant slalom on Sunday, there was more at stake than a pre-Olympic medal. The overall World Cup championship was still undecided and the Whiteface GS could be crucial. Last season, Sweden's nonpareil Ingemar Stenmark had wrapped up the championship before the end of January. This had sent the huxsbody bureaucrats who run these races back to their calculators to devise yet another kind of scoring system to penalize Stenmark and bring back the vaunted three-event performer à la Jean-Claude Killy or Karl Schranz. They created a set of rules that rewards skiers for entering all three disciplines—downhill, slalom and giant slalom. Stenmark, who refuses to consider the downhill as an event for civilized men, was thus cut off from another overall world title, despite the fact that he is the world's best racer.

Enter unheralded Peter Lüscher, 22, of Switzerland, who had never won a World Cup race before this season, and America's Phil Mahre, 21, second to Stenmark on the circuit last year. Both Lüscher and Mahre run the downhill willingly, though with little success. Neither has finished better than 12th this year—and at Whiteface Lüscher was 26th and Mahre 38th—but they do pick up a few points from time to time in the combined. Going into the GS, Lüscher held a fairly good edge over Mahre, 181

World Cup points to 155. However, the mathematicians who devised the new scoring system had given extra weight to the late-season events.

As it turned out—violently and sadly—there would be no need for any kind of scoring system to settle the contest between Mahre and Lüscher. In the first run of the GS, Phil swung into a turn about two-thirds down the 1,300-meter course, caught a ski on the gate and crashed. It was not a particularly fearsome fall, but the result was clear from the first examination: he had broken the tibia in his left leg. His season and his rivalry with Lüscher was over.

The race went on, and Stenmark produced yet another of his patented victories. Trailing in third place by .5 of a second after the first run, Stenmark turned on full power in the second to finish with a 2:38.93 total, more than two seconds faster than anyone else. No man deserves the overall World Cup title more than Stenmark, but as the powers would have it, it will go to Lüscher, who finished third in the GS to wrap it up.

That done, the World Cup circus packed up and moved on. There are four more meets to go, but whatever might happen, the events at Lake Placid last week proved that at the 1980 Olympics there would be no shortage of thrills on the courses of Whiteface. And certainly no shortage of spills.

*Flying through the air with the greatest of ease, Peter Wirsberger literally came from nowhere*



# THERE'S A NEW TYCOON IN TOWN...

...and if master batsmen Rod Carew can lead the Angels to a pennant, Palm Springs may name a street after him

by RON FIMRITE

Palm Springs is not exactly the best place for a rich man trying to get ahead. In this California desert oasis, even the man in the street is a man of means, and if the street is not named after him—say, Frank Sinatra Drive—he may be dismissed as rabble. "It is a town," says Dr. William Randall Blakeley, a local thoracic surgeon, "where even the doctor bills are paid." And yet, Rod Carew, a veritable parvenu, is the man of the moment among all these tycoons, crooners, comedians, Nixon-campaign donors and former White House incumbents. Unusually large crowds of well-to-do well-wishers flock into Angels Stadium to root him on as he does his spring training with the California Angels. They ooh and ah delightedly as he strings out those clothesline drives, drops delicate bunts and fields elegantly.

That Carew should be a stick-out on a team whose payroll approaches the gross national product is in itself a measure of the esteem in which he is held. But it is not his \$800,000 annual salary that commands respect, it is the hope he brings to the poor little rich boys of baseball. Owner Gene Autry, the old movie cowhand, has spent several fortunes acquiring and retaining expensive help for his team, but something always goes awry—Joe Rudi breaks a wrist, Bobby Grich herniates a disc, Nolan Ryan pulls a hamstring. Frank Tanana's arm drops dead from exhaustion—and the promised championship escapes once more. But Carew, the seven-time American League batting champion, is hale and hearty, and if he stays that way the Angels may yet take wing.

"We wouldn't be a contender without a good lefthanded hitter," observes utility man Merv Rettenmund, "and all

we have is the best in baseball." The Angels needed a good lefthanded hitter, it must be said, because the very good one they had, Lyman Bostock, himself once the highest-paid Angel, was shot to death in Gary, Ind. last Sept. 23.

Many Angels are happy to see Carew in the fold for entirely personal reasons. "To me, it means breathing a little easier because I won't have to face the best hitter in baseball," says Tanana, "and it means having a man blessed with all kinds of defensive tools playing first base behind me." Rudi, the valetudinary outfielder, classifies Carew as an RBI. "He'll be someone on base ahead of me, and I place RBIs above everything, including home runs and average."

Carew's arrival will also spare Rudi the ordeal of playing some first base, which is not his favorite position. And Carney Lansford, the brilliant young third baseman, is glad Carew is a teammate because for a time last winter it looked as if the Angels would have to abandon the kid to get the batting champ. Indeed, trade talks with Twins owner Calvin Griffith stalled when the Angels refused to let Lansford go. In the end, Griffith settled for Outfielder Ken Landreaux, Infielder Dave Engel and pitchers Paul Hartzell and Brad Havens.

The cowboy looks to be the shrewder horsetrader. The acquisition of Carew gives the Angels a high-average (career .334) No. 3 hitter ahead of sluggers Dan Ford, who was a teammate of Carew's the last four seasons in Minnesota, Don Baylor and Rudi. Lansford, who hit .294 as a rookie, will most likely bat second, and he has the speed to steal and work the hit-and-run with the potent Carew.

Carew is himself a formidable base runner—27 stolen bases in '78—and he

gives the Angels needed speed. Also, he will tighten the infield defense, which, with Lansford at third and Grich at second, requires only a quality shortstop to be outstanding. Rudi can now stay put in leftfield, where he plays as well as anyone, and with Rick Miller in center and Ford in right, the Angels are set in the outfield.

In the opinion of Manager Jim Fregosi, Carew's unusual consistency at bat will have a salutary effect on the averages of the other Angels. "Hitting is contagious," Fregosi says.

Carew may be the happiest Angel of them all, for the protracted haggling over his final destination is at last resolved. Besides, Anaheim is where he wanted to go in the first place. "The Angels were always my No. 1 choice," he said, relaxing after an arduous three-hour workout last week. "I like that part of California. I won't have to live far from the ball park, and I'll have a place where my kids can roam. I want a backyard. I don't want to live in an apartment or a condo." Despite the allure of Orange County, the Carews—wife Mari Lynn and daughters Charrye, Stephanie and Michelle—will continue to live in suburban Minneapolis in the off-season. After 12 years, it is home to them.

"Home" is an important word in the lexicon of this Panamanian-born ex-New Yorker. He is a family man who has minimal interest in enriching himself in commercial endeavors outside baseball. For this reason, and because he would have had to commute from some suburb to Yankee Stadium, the Yankees held little appeal for him. When it was pointed out to him how much he could earn off the field in the Big Apple, Carew said dryly, "My business is baseball."





"My business is baseball," says the confident Carew, who feels he can "get a hit anytime I want."

Home to him is also the American League, and for this reason he said he never seriously contemplated accepting the trade Griffith had agreed upon with the Giants. In fact, he said, he repeatedly rejected it. Still Griffith persisted. Carew did accept Giants owner Bob Lurie's invitation to visit San Francisco and meet the players, and he said he was duly impressed.

"I like San Francisco, and the guys on the team had a positive attitude, but deep down inside I knew I wanted to stay in the American League," he said. "It's like a second home to me. I've been in it for 12 years. To switch leagues after all that time would have been a hard thing for me to do. What amazes me is why the American League would want to lose me. After hearing so much talk about how the National League has all the good

players, why would they want to let one of their better ones go over there?"

Carew's difficulties with Griffith began in earnest three years ago, he said, when he encountered resistance negotiating his first long-term (three-year) contract. When he sought last spring to extend that agreement for another five years, he ran into more trouble. The Twins countered his proposal with a three-year offer. And so it went, until an exasperated Carew finally proclaimed, "Calvin, if you can't afford me, trade me."

He said he played much of the last half of the '78 season in a sort of mental fog (which didn't prevent him from winning the batting title at .333). His visits to hypnotist Harvey Misel, whom he started seeing "for relaxation" in 1976, increased.

He was not physically fit either, for in

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER READ MILLER

early July his right arm mysteriously went numb. "With all that, I could've said, 'Why play?' But when you play for a man like Gene Mauch, you don't want to do that. So I played. Then came the famous speech."

The oration at issue was delivered by Griffith on Sept. 28 before the Lions Club of Waseca, Minn. During the course of it, he reportedly commended the Minneapolis area for having so few blacks and suggested that Carew was foolish to play there for the peanuts Griffith could afford to pay him.

Carew is both intelligent and proud, and he was stung by these thoughtless remarks. "I don't want to be a nigger on that man's plantation," he snarled at the time. Much of the bitterness has subsided, but from Waseca on, Carew knew "there was no possibility of my coming back to the Twins. I have no regrets. I enjoyed playing there. The people saw me come in as a pampered, stubborn, temperamental kid. They saw me leave as a mature person."

Carew's marvelous career may well end in Anaheim; he says he will retire at the conclusion of his five-year contract if, in his opinion, his skills have eroded. "I'd like to get 3,000 hits (he has 2,085), but if I don't make it in the next five years, I won't hang around chasing after them. I know everybody says it, but I'd like to finish on top. Right now, I just want to go out there and have fun, let baseball be the little boys' game it's supposed to be. I enjoy playing. I get the feeling that no one can do the things I can, that I can get a hit anytime I want. It's a good feeling."

Carew has done nothing but spread good feeling in Palm Springs. Besides polishing his own skills, he has worked unselfishly with younger players—in fact, he has had some of them out running with him at 5:30 a.m. And he quickly established that, huge salary aside, he is no snob. "On the first day of camp, I helped a young player with his luggage. I think he was impressed."

In Palm Springs they call that noblesse oblige. BOM

# NORTH CAROLINA KICKED UP ITS HEELS

Just when it looked as though the ACC tournament was on the verge of becoming some sort of cerebral parlor game in which the players were mere pieces manipulated by self-proclaimed grandmasters—read that coaches—Dean Smith came along to prove again that he's the only one in the bunch who merits the honorific. The ACC has become known as a coaches' league, one in which the guys in the three-piece velvet suits are considered by fans and themselves to be as important as football coaches and governors are in other parts of the country, and last week the whole brain trust was in Greensboro, N.C., using an assortment of delay games, pause offenses and outright stalls to turn Tobacco Road into the Boulevard of Broken Dreams.

There was Lefty Driesell of Maryland, who won one game, lost another and then conceded, "I'm so confused I don't know what's going on." Also on hand was Carl Tacy of Wake Forest, whose first pronouncement upon losing 58-56 to Duke in the opening round on Thursday was, "I'm sure there are better coaches in the league than I am, but I don't think there are any braver." Clemson's Bill Foster—who is known around the conference as Clemson's Bill Foster—and Duke's Bill Foster—who is known simply as Bill Foster, which must mean something—spent the week being both brave and confused. When the tournament was over and North Carolina had ripped Duke 71-63 for the championship, both the Tar Heels and the Blue Devils were headed for the NCAA playoffs, and almost everybody else seemed ready to thrash it out again in the NIT. Is this any way to run a coaches' conference?

Duke and North Carolina had played three times during the regular season, splitting the first two games. Then, two weeks ago, Duke won a bizarre 47-40 decision at home in which the Tar Heels, freezing the ball, did not score a point in the first half. They trailed 7-0 at the intermission. When North Carolina played

*With Coach Dean Smith picking opponents' uniforms and Forward Dudley Bradley picking off their passes, the Tar Heels romped to the ACC tournament crown*

by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

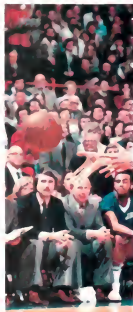
the Blue Devils to a 40-40 standoff in the second half, Smith looked like a prize idiot for his first-half tactics. For someone who was long ago canonized in North Carolina, and this season accomplished perhaps the best coaching job of his notable career, Smith received a tremendous amount of criticism for this play, and he seemed stung by it as the tournament began. He often found himself on the defensive during interviews, and the position plainly irritated him. At one point, while reciting the virtues of his four-corner offense, Smith sarcastically suggested that college basketball ought to use a 24-second clock and outlaw zone defenses. Then, he added, if people wanted to see a lot of running up and down the floor, "They ought to go watch the pros play."

It should be remembered, however, that this is a coaching genius at work, and there is a theory that Smith stage-managed the whole thing to take pressure off his players. Since it would have been psychologically disadvantageous to let North Carolina lose two of three regular-season games to Duke, and since Smith could hardly be certain of a victory at Durham, he made sure that the blame for a loss would fall on him. By blowing the game himself, it would not be nearly so difficult to convince his team that it was as good as Duke when it met the Blue Devils on the tournament's neutral floor.

If all of this sounds awfully Machiavellian, well, welcome to the ACC. Whatever Smith's strategy at Durham had been—and perhaps there was no strategy at all; what a strategy that would have been—it seemed to have the Tar

Heels cranked up for the Blue Devils last Saturday night. Smith had been intent on drawing Duke's 6' 11" center, Mike Gminski, out from under the Tar Heel basket, that was the stated reason for the stall against the Blue Devils' zone a week earlier. It was no accident, then, that in the tournament finale Carolina Center Rich Yonakor got the ball early and often.

And the strategy paid off as Yonakor



*Carolina's balance meant that its star, O'Koren, did more passing than shooting against Duke*

hit four of six shots in the first half, mostly from 15 feet or farther out, to give the Tar Heels a 31-25 halftime lead. With Carolina ahead from the outset, Duke went into a man-to-man defense, which meant that Gminski, the league's most intimidating player when he is allowed to set up in the middle of a zone defense, had to wander at least a little way outside in halfhearted pursuit of Yonakor. That gave Dudley Bradley all the operating room he needed.

Bradley, a 6'6" forward, is known in Chapel Hill as the Secretary of Defense, so quick are his hands and so remarkable is his sense of anticipation when it comes to making steals. At North Carolina he has obligingly filled the defensive role that Smith has given him, though he was a considerable scoring threat when he was named Baltimore's high school player of the year four sea-

sons ago. The willingness of Bradley and his teammates to perform the well-defined tasks that Smith assigned them was one of the big reasons for the success of this year's Tar Heels, who enter the playoffs with a 23-5 record.

Over the past two seasons Carolina has seen such notables as Walter Davis, John Kuester and Phil Ford move on to the pros, and Smith, who has lost an untypically large number of recruiting battles for top high-schoolers of late, has been unable to come up with replacements of similar all-round ability. He faced this season with only one truly outstanding performer, versatile Forward Mike O'Koren, but nonetheless resisted the temptation of junking his balanced offense to let O'Koren hog the ball and try to score 30 a game. It would have been a desperate move, yet it is one a lot of his counterparts

at other schools would have made.

Instead, Smith decided to lean even more heavily on the system of specialization that worked so well with his more talented teams of the past. Bradley became the designated defender. Slender Al Wood took most of the outside shots. Guard Dave Colescott did most of the dribbling and passing. The ungainly Yonakor bumped folks around under the hoop and fired up an occasional jumper. And O'Koren did a bit of all these things while keeping his scoring at a modest 14.8 points per game. Smith also deployed his reserves—which even included a 6'1" walk-on named Ged Doughton—with consummate deftness.

As a result, the Tar Heels, who figured to finish third in the ACC at best, became the league's most consistent team, even though they had two opportunities to cave in. One of those occasions occurred in late January when North Carolina had a road game at Maryland. Colescott was out with a shattered left eye socket, the result of catching a Gminski "judo chop" during a game with Duke, and O'Koren was hospitalized with a sprained right ankle. Then, on the day before departing for College Park, Wood, who minutes before had been visiting O'Koren at the hospital, slipped on the doorstep of a dormitory and crashed through a glass door, tearing open his right hand. Within the hour he was back at the hospital, lying on the bed next to O'Koren's. But the Tar Heels still beat Maryland 54-53, with Doughton playing masterfully in Colescott's stead and Wood and his 12 stitches coming off the bench to score 16 crucial points down the stretch.

A week or so later, after a loss to Clemson, Smith began to feel his team slipping. He hired a retired college head coach, whom he refuses to name, to scout his team and give him suggestions on how to improve it. What the mystery man, who watched the Tar Heels narrowly beat Virginia Tech and get upset by Furman, told Smith also remains a secret, but it obviously helped. Since then, Carolina has lost only once—on that strange night in Durham.

All those victories helped North Carolina earn a bye in the first round of the tournament. The Tar Heels tied Duke for

continued





Colecott, O'Koren and Bradley led the cheers after Smith got a firm grip on the tournament.



#### CAROLINA continued

first place in the conference race with a 9-3 record and then won a drawing for the bye the day after the final game of the regular season. As coach of the top-seeded team, Smith had his choice of which basket, bench and uniform color Carolina would use in its games. Figuring that his first outing would be against Maryland, Smith deferred his decision, which normally would have been made before the tournament began, until he saw which bench, which basket and which uniform—home or road—Driesell would select in the Terrapins' opening game with Clemson. Maryland defeated Clemson 75-67, and when the Terps came out for Friday night's game with North Carolina, Smith had taken Lefty's lucky bench, lucky basket and lucky uniform for the Tar Heels.

Driesell is superstitious enough that those totems meant something to him, and Smith knew it. When Maryland loses an away game, for example, Driesell often crosses off the hotel where the Terps stayed on that trip from his list of acceptable accommodations. This sort of business reached its extreme in January when Driesell began playing musical dressing rooms in his own arena in College Park in a vain attempt to find a visitors' locker room that would bring

some nameless calamity down upon the Tar Heels, who had defeated Maryland eight straight times going into last week's ACC tournament.

Maryland had finished the season 17-9, with victories over Notre Dame and Duke, but was regarded as merely a dark horse in the tournament because nobody thought Driesell could successfully coach a team through three big games in as many nights. "Individually, they have the best talent," said Clemson Forward Chubby Wells, "but you don't know if they're going to come and play or leave their brains locked up at home." Maryland played surprisingly well in the first half with Clemson and built up a 13-point lead, but in the second half the Terps began to run their offense far away from the basket and wound up allowing the Tigers to close to within a point with about 2½ minutes to play. Driesell was asked why he had elected to go to a perimeter offense, and he said, "I didn't notice that. You say we were all spread out, huh? Well, if we were, it wasn't by design."

In his 10 years at Maryland, Driesell has never won an ACC tournament, despite having had the likes of John Lucas, Tom McMillen, Len Elmore, Mo Howard, Larry Gibson and Albert King on his roster. But as someone said last week, "Lefty's such a great recruiter, it's just not fair to expect the guy to be able to coach, too."

Even Driesell's capacious recruiting net lets an occasional big fish get away, and one was Maryland native Bradley, whom the Terps ignored so that they could sign a guy named Turk Tillman, who has since made tracks to Eastern Kentucky. Some Bradley steals and amazing shooting by the Tar Heels, who finished the game with a .625 percentage, were at least as important as the color of the uniforms in Carolina's 102-79 wipeout of Maryland in the semifinals. The game was over almost before it began, with the Tar Heels leading by 16 points after only 9:54 had elapsed.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the draw, Duke was barely scraping by. After the Blue Devils edged Wake Forest, behind Jim Spunarkel's 20 points, they met North Carolina State, a team they had beaten three times. Victory No. 4 was a tense battle throughout the second half, with Duke relying on the outside shooting of Guard Bob Bender,

continued

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who scored a career-high 16 points, to keep the Wolfpack at bay.

Still, the Blue Devils needed a daring play to cinch the 62-59 win. With the score tied at 53 and 1:01 remaining to be played, Gene Banks threw a length-of-the-court inbound pass to Spanarkel, who had barely sneaked behind the State defense. Spanarkel caught the ball even while the Wolfpack's onrushing Tony Warren was planting a finger in his right eye; he wheeled to the hoop and scored a layup while being fouled (again?) by Warren. Spanarkel, his vision blurred, retired in favor of Steve Gray, whose free throw finished off the three-point play. Banks' pass had been the basketball equivalent of one of those perfect Bradshaw-to-Swann bombs, and he could scarcely get the lump out of his throat long enough to recount his moment of heroism. "It was just a gutsy play," Banks said. "I knew I had to do it. I'll do anything to win."

And showing guts and winning were

what the Blue Devils were supposed to be doing all season. Instead, Duke had too many games in which its rash maneuvers backfired and, inexplicably, a number of others in which it turned too conservative, even lethargic after moving out to big leads. Instead of ending up No. 1 in the country, the Blue Devils, with a 22-7 record that included a number of narrow escapes, finished No. 2 in their conference.

They were relegated to the second spot—and Carolina won its seventh ACC tournament championship in the last 13 years—largely because of Bradley's performance. His two jumpers at the outset of the second half gave the Tar Heels a 10-point lead, and when Duke narrowed the score to 46-43, Bradley countered by intercepting a pass while furiously backpedaling against the Blue Devils' fast break. He then passed to Wood for a layup, completing what the official play-by-play describes as **BRADLEY STEALS, PEELS AND DEALS TO WOOD**.

When Smith called for his four-corner offense with 7:25 remaining, again it was Bradley who was the key man. He dunked once to put Carolina up 52-46, slid past Banks from the corner for a three-point play to keep the Heels ahead by six and, finally, provided *la facial de résistance* by dribbling past the befuddled Gminski and throwing down a thunderdunk that nearly rearranged the big Duke center's physiognomy.

Bradley finished the game with 16 points, four assists and seven steals, some of which might have been attributable to the absence of Duke's best ball handler, Bender, who was stricken with appendicitis 3½ hours before the game and had to take the night off. Bradley also ended up with the tournament's Most Valuable Player award, but he may not have been its most significant figure. Though the folks in the ACC may go on calling their conference a coaches' league, it is, in fact, a coach's league. His name is Smith.

END

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# IT'S STILL MAY IN SEPTEMBER

They should be over the hill and halfway down the other side, but these oldtimers on the Grand Masters tennis tour play on by **BARRY McDERMOTT**

The Tennis Grand Masters circuit is a dream come true. Nostalgia is big now, or maybe it always was and we were too young to appreciate it. And although the names of DiMaggio, Unitas and Cousy are gone from scoreboards forever, by means of the Grand Masters, Sedge and Pancho and Seixas are still on center court, battling one another. Bob Perez, one of the tour's administrators, carries a picture in his wallet of Torben Ulrich and Sven Davidson together when they were 14. They were adversaries then and still are today, 36 years later.

Like everyone else, athletes grow old, except sooner, more conspicuously than mere mortals; they are has-beens at 35. HE CAN'T DO IT ANYMORE is the cruellest headline of all. Look at it this way. At 22, Bjorn Borg's best years may be behind him. No one on the Grand Masters circuit dreamed he would be playing at 50. Perhaps no one dreamed he would ever be 50. But most of them are, and they are playing.

The tour started in 1973. Pancho Segura, one of the first players signed by tour founder Al Bunis, said, "It's tough to run at 50. You either go to Forest Hills or Forest Lawn." Well, this is to report that the Tennis Grand Masters do not have one foot in the grave. They are out there running, no longer to Forest Hills, but to Flushing Meadow and to Wimbledon and Seabrook Island in South Carolina and Quail Ridge in Delray Beach, Fla., where the audience is old enough to know that Jimmy Connors did not invent the two-handed backhand.

The circuit has two segments, spring

and fall, with guest appearances in July at Wimbledon and in September at the U.S. Open. The rest of the time, the players work at club jobs. They all keep in shape jogging, doing sit-ups, watching their diets—and playing tennis.

They probably work harder than they did when they were younger and fitter. Many people thought Frank Sedgman would retire when he snapped an Achilles tendon playing in a Grand Masters event in 1976. He was 48 years old, the winner of 22 tournaments more than two decades ago, and in his native Australia he had several business ventures that included squash centers and a hotel. Besides, Sedgman previously had injured his other Achilles tendon while playing squash. Instead of retiring, Sedgman recuperated, undertook a vigorous training program and returned to dominate the senior circuit.

Aside from the competition and the fun and the enduring thrill of seeing their names on a scoreboard, the money ain't bad. Sedgman has won \$208,000 in his six years on the tour. In 1978 he won 12 singles titles and \$59,338 overall. The 1979 schedule includes 18 or 20 stops for an average purse of \$15,000, more than was available decades ago when the players looked under the tables for their checks.

But the cash is only part of it. Rex Hartwig had not played in 17 years when Al Bunis called him in 1976. He was on his Czechoslovakian tractor, farming 580 acres of land in Greta, New South Wales, some 150 miles from Melbourne. He played in a TGM event and was surprised

and delighted to win the doubles. The following year, with Sedgman still recuperating, Hartwig was the leading money-winner on the tour. Now, he and Sedgman dominate the doubles play: since joining forces, they have won 46 of 52 matches and 20 tournaments, and Hartwig wears a gold necklace that spells out his nickname: sexy. To be a 49-year-old farmer and also a tennis player with a gold necklace, that's something.

The tour is for players 45 years or older who have been world or national champions, and every top eligible player has been on it, with the exception of Dick Savitt, who is tired of tournament tennis.

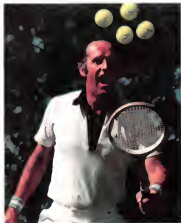
This all is a part of a surge of interest in senior athletics. Last year golf conducted its first "Legends of Golf Tournament" for a purse of \$400,000, and the USGA has announced it will stage a U.S. Senior Open in 1980. Rod Laver has cranked up his own tour for players 35 and older. It is direct competition for a 35-45 group begun last summer by Bunis, who also is looking into setting up senior circuits in other sports.

The tennis market is split into two distinct groups: those fans who remember and those who wonder. The older crowd turns out because it recalls Sedgman winning the 1952 Wimbledon under over-cast skies and through high winds that rendered ineffective the drop shots and lobs of Jaroslav Drobny. The younger audience is curious to see what a tennis player of 50 can do. "People come expecting something like a baseball old-timers' game," says Vic Seixas, at 55 the tour's oldest competitor. "They don't expect us to be able to play. It's true we've changed. We can't hit the ball as hard. I used to hit it as hard as Connors. We all did, but we can't anymore. So you adjust. The trouble is, your opponent is

continued

*The middle aged (45 to 55) band in playing at five and in four blazers. Below, left to right: Torben Ulrich, Rex Hartwig, Sven Davidson, Beppe Meris, Neale Fraser, Whitney Reed, tour official Bob Perez, Vic Seixas, director Al Bunis and Frank Sedgman. Pancho Segura is absent.*





Last year Fraser became a tour rookie at 45

#### GRAND MASTERS continued

doing the same thing. We all play the same way."

So the game is minutely slower, enough so that the rallies continue where once they were over in seconds. The tour often plays on clay, which enhances strategy and guile at the expense of speed. Consequently, the best-conditioned players—Sedgman, Ulrich and Davidson—win on stamina as well as ability. By comparison, when Neale Fraser joined the circuit last season as a 45-year-old rookie, his conditioning was only fair and, although he reached the finals of five tournaments, he failed to win one, falling apart in the third set when his legs turned rubbery. The previous year, newly eligible Luis Ayala expected to dominate the old guys and didn't win a match.

There is something attractive about a person who refuses to capitulate to the erosions of age. Ulrich considers the tour his laboratory, a means of experimenting with body and game. Each day the players walk onto the court, wondering—can they do what they could yesterday? The fans view them differently. When Borg defaults it is because he has a blister on his hand. When one of the Grand Masters does, it is because he is old. The seniors take pride in the fact that in the tour's six years, only three matches have been canceled because of injury.

Occasionally one of the Grand Masters will practice with a player in his 20s. The younger man might be a local pro

or college player, and often the workout turns into an unofficial exhibition. Such exercises illustrate the senior's talent. They maintain they can compete with what Bunis calls "the young people." "Not Connors or Borg," says Seixas. "I'm not that presumptuous. But in the second or third echelon, we could play, because they're not smart enough to adjust to what we would do. They know only one way to play."

The players really are grand and they really are masters, especially of disguise and deception. They rarely hit the ball hard; they pick their spots like poker players. Sedgman says a sure sign of age is when your return of serve deteriorates; that and slower net reactions. But there are ways to compensate. After almost 40 years the Aussie can "read" a server's racket well before the man hits the ball. Occasionally he does guess wrong, in which case the serve is unplayable.

Were it not for Bunis and the senior circuit, Sedgman says that by now he would be a lost resource. "I would have gracefully evaporated," he says. When he joined Jack Kramer's pro circuit in 1953, the newspapers were calling Kramer "the old pro" and nightly asking him about his arthritis. Kramer was 31. Sedgman eventually gave up tennis for 10 years, disconsolate that he no longer could play Davis Cup. He staged a comeback of sorts with the emergence of open tennis in 1968, and while he failed to win a tournament, "I gave some players a good scare."

What probably frustrates a youngster most when he plays one of the Grand Masters is that it often is impossible to hit the ball past him. Ulrich, for instance, is in exceptional condition for an athlete of any age; at 50 his legs are heavily muscled and he is remarkably quick, enough so that he plays a spidery, defensive game, running down every shot and waiting until his opponent makes a mistake. Bunis believes Ulrich's game is as sharp as it was when he was playing 98 Davis Cup matches for Denmark, and he leads the senior tour in tournament titles with 30.

At the net, Sedgman and the others still have keen anticipation. They purposely leave an open court, inviting a passing shot, but are there to bash away the volley. Sedgman, in particular, constantly keeps up the pressure. He always has had a superb volley, and his overhead is deadly accurate. While he doesn't

cover as much ground as he once did, he doesn't have to, because he never plays the entire court.

As Seixas stoned, the seniors have adjusted. Most of them use steel, graphite or composite rackets that are lighter and quicker in their hands. Davidson is a devotee of the oversized Prince racket, and Pincho Gonzales and Beppe Merlo string their rackets loosely for more control.

With the occasional exception of Gonzales, who sees himself as the lone wolf, the seniors socialize with one another, attending the prerequisite cocktail parties, dining as a group, regaling each other with stories repeated over the years. Hartwig recalls his first experience as a pro when he joined Kramer's cross-country tour in the mid-'50s. Hartwig drove 37,500 miles by car while his companion, Segura, slept blissfully in the back seat, recuperating from another romantic evening. Segura was a remarkable ladies' man, but a terrible driver. Once Hartwig gave him the wheel. The desert road was straight and empty. A short time later Hartwig was roused from sleep by Segura's screaming. The car was shaking violently. Segura had a death grip on the wheel and his eyes were wide and staring. "Look, see how fast I'm going!" he yelled, afraid to take his eyes off the road. The speedometer needle was vibrating.



above 90 mph. Hartwig took the wheel and ordered Segura to the back seat.

When the seniors were younger, tennis was different, more of a lark than a business. Perhaps for this reason the Grand Masters has more than its share of eccentrics. Ulrich still has his beard, his ponytail and his baffling responses. When a solicitous fan inquires about the state of Ulrich's injured foot, the player looks at the limb seriously. He wiggles it. The foot is studded. Torben inhales deeply and cocks his head. His hands flutter. "Welllllll," he says. "It's still there."

Then there is Whitney Reed, who appears to have crawled out from behind a Bowery bar: Single-handedly, Reed may destroy the notion that tennis is good for your health. He was America's top-ranked player in 1962. Before joining the Grand Masters circuit, he drove a cab and tended bar in San Francisco where, it is reported, he consumed more than he sold. He also smokes a lot of cigarettes. Reed once went to Reno for a weekend and stayed for a year, because, he explains humbly, "I was in the middle of a Ping-Pong game." He married a cocktail waitress from Harrah's Club the day before he turned 40. "I'll never forget it," he says. Then he fell in love with a stewardess on a flight over Omaha, Neb., and didn't come home for six

months. "That was a clue that the marriage wasn't working," he says. Reed had four different doubles partners last year. The other players pass him around.

In a sense, the Grand Masters have lived two lives. They talk of the "old tour" and "the tour." Reed quit the old tour because of what he calls his "Rod Laver malady." Whitney played Laver 11 times one year and lost each match. "My big problem was that I never knew where the tournaments were," he says, speaking in a dazed, singsong speech punctuated with long, mid-sentence silences. "I was always trying to find them. Consequently I never had time to write ahead and demand money. I took whatever they gave me, maybe a couple of tickets. The most I got was \$600 in Toronto. I guess because I was a foreigner."

Reed describes his doubles strategy thus: "I put myself in an accident-prone position." When Fraser advised him to stand fast at the net, staring into the face of a Sedgman overhead, Whitney wisely demurred. "I'll wind up bandaged from head to toe," he said. "Then nobody will want me for a partner."

As it is, most everyone wants the Tennis Grand Masters as a partner. The tour has a host of promotional ties. Almadén wines, for example, sponsors the 11-tournament Grand Prix segment of the tour.



Ulrich is not infrequently a melancholy Dane

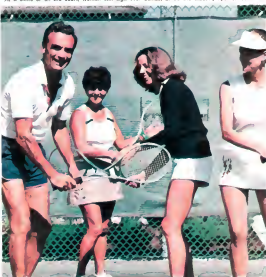
Blazers, automobiles, hats and tennis balls have the group's imprimatur, as does the Palmas del Mar resort in Puerto Rico, officially designated the group's "Caribbean home." If you desire, the Grand Masters can provide not only exhibitions, but also trained instructors for your tennis club. The Harvard Business School has conducted a study of the group and found it to be "a viable marketing concept."

The tournament format is simple: eight players participate in singles and doubles on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. There is usually an opening pro-am, and on Saturday the first-round losers conduct a free clinic. Only Gonzales resists attending. The two-time U.S. champion plays a limited schedule partly because he demands appearance money from promoters. He was once asked how long he planned to continue. "As long as they print money," he answered. Gonzales keeps to himself. He travels the circuit with his second wife, Madelyn, who looks on anxiously from the stands. Pancho's rackets are misshapen from being beaten on the court. It ranks Gonzales that his game has slipped. In matches he affects a regal, lofty attitude, as if the whole scene somehow is beneath him.

"There is an attitude of then and now," says Ulrich. "Now it doesn't count. Then it does." Because Pancho is loath to perspire, the others frequently drop-shot him. His attitude annoyed his colleagues last year in doubles matches at Wimbledon and at Seabrook Island. Gonzales

continued

At a clinic or on the court, women still sigh over Seixas, at 55 the oldest player on the tour





Gonzales cracks a smile, an event on the tour

#### GRAND MASTERS continued

was paired first with Reed, then with Merlo, and in each match made an obvious point of not trying. Worse, he ridiculed the efforts of both his partners. At Seabrook the rancor surfaced as Sedgman and Hartwig dismantled Gonzales and Merlo 6-1, 6-0. On one shot, Hartwig mislaid the ball, but, fortunately, it came off the wood for a winner. Hartwig giggled to himself, then raised his hand to Gonzales in the universal gesture of apology. Pancho snarled back. "The shot was fine. The mouth's not so good."

It might have seemed only a boorish remark, but it showed Gonzales' frustration. The others take the competition very seriously; before matches they refuse to look at each other, much less speak. And they all are in a little better condition, their strokes a touch sharper than Gonzales'. For him to work at getting back in shape, for him to work at winning, would be an admission that this arena really is important. So he plays with thinly veiled contempt.

When Gonzales is a no-show, Merlo fills in. He is the ninth man on an eight-man club. Three years ago he wrote

Bunis, "My name is Beppe Merlo. . . I am many times national champion of Italy . . . beaten Vic Seixas, Mervyn Rose . . . want to play your tour." Bunis wrote that he was sorry but the roster was filled. Quickly came a return telegram. "I accept. Will arrive on. . . Merlo hasn't won a singles match in two years but he puts on a good show, and his clay-court game is so dogged that the others don't like to play him; Seixas, for example, lost 15 straight matches to Merlo when they were younger. They also regard him almost as a mascot. Merlo, they whisper, eats cereal drowned in Coca-Cola for breakfast. He has a long list of phobias. Since seeing *The Towering Inferno* he refuses to sleep above the fourth floor of a hotel. Florida's moths terrify him, and he jumps in fright if he accidentally sits on an automobile seat belt. He won't even trust his luggage in a car driven by Davidson, who is somewhat reckless behind the wheel; Sven sometimes drives onto the sidewalk and gives a friend a slight nudge with a fender. Merlo speaks broken English, the quality of which depends on whether or not he wants to be understood. He bought property at Seabrook Island as an investment. "I only worry now about earthquake," he says.

Merlo humbly refers to himself as "the last row on the bus," although there is evidence that he is smarter than he lets on, because he is the top poker player on the circuit and usually far ahead in the money standings that Davidson, who has a gift for math, keeps on a large sheet of paper. Merlo calls his favorite opponent, Sedgman, "a piece of candy."

One of the major accomplishments of the tour has been inducing Ulrich to modify his caveman dress code. When he posed for the first Grand Masters group photograph, it probably was the first time in 20 years he had worn a tie. And while he usually is late, he always appears for the cheese and wine-tasting parties that follow the pro-ams. Ulrich has had it written into his TGM contract that he need not attend functions before noon.

Ulrich's quirks and caprices are renowned. He refuses to call coin flips, once created a painting by hitting paint-sopped tennis balls onto a canvas, and when a policeman stopped him for driving his car on the sidewalk, apparently a common Scandinavian idiosyncrasy, and poked his head in the car window. Tor-

ben bit his nose. But no matter how bizarre his behavior, his colleagues inevitably forgive him with a "That's Torben." Thus when Ulrich forgot a scheduled doubles match last year and went off running in the woods, and then related, "I was talking to the squirrels," everyone agreed, that's Torben.

This type of life-style is attractive to a younger generation that sees Ulrich as a guru. Many of the calls to Bunis' office in his hometown of Cincinnati have to do with Torben's whereabouts; the transported female callers, it seems, have gifts and messages for him.

One person, however, isn't so entranced. At a wine-tasting party last fall, Torben's wife Lona gestured toward her husband, who was standing with a bunch of women. "Why does that bird have her hand on Torben's bum?" said Lona.

In a way, this sort of gesture is symbolic of the success of the tour. If an athlete of 50 can get a bird to notice him, there is profit to be made out of it. "We're tennis' retirement income, the players' profit sharing," says Bunis. "All they have to do is keep up their games and go along with the program." He uses phrases like "second-home community," and talks in conspiratorial tones and with a private-school accent and wears every imaginable color of linen jacket. Even on the hottest days, he looks cool in his coat and tie. As a boy, Bunis melted down toy soldiers. He went on to become a successful scrap-iron broker, but his real love was tennis. A fond memory is losing to Frank Sedgman in the first round of the 1952 U.S. nationals, the year Sedgman won the tournament without the loss of a set.

One benefit of being the administrator of the Tennis Grand Masters, Bunis admits, is being able to practice with the players he has respected for a lifetime. Bunis almost bursts with pride. Seemingly, each week he adds a new article of clothing to the players' prescribed uniform. They wear identical blazers, slacks, hats, ties and lapel ribbons, although Ulrich sometimes puts his ribbon in his hair. "I want them to be proud of all of our trappings," says Bunis. "You can't wear a Grand Masters tie, or even have one, unless you're part of the organization."

The formula has been very successful. At first the players had trouble getting their checks cashed; now the crowds are more than big enough to keep sponsors

happy. There is a lot of repeat business, and the tour even has its groupies, if Tom and Kathy Gable, an Atlanta couple in their 30s, could be so described. He is a psychiatrist and both are tennis nuts. Their alliance with the senior tour began three years ago at an Atlanta event. They travel to about 10 tournaments a season, and even help set up exhibitions for the players. Late one evening last fall, Hartwig was giving the Gables a free serving lesson. Lars Ulrich, Torben's son, was retrieving the balls. It was a scene one could hardly expect to see at a young people's tournament.

And, unlike the young people's tour, the seniors look at the light side. When a player has a birthday, his colleagues grab the court-side microphone and offer jokey tributes, while Davidson leads the crowd in cheers. When Ulrich missed that doubles match, Sedgman jumped into the umpire's chair and humorously narrated an emergency match between Hartwig and Merlo. The players, in ef-

fect, run their own show. Their meetings, which Reed calls "Bunis' marketing sessions," are punctuated with debate on everything from rules to policy.

Near the end of the 1978 season, the seniors dined together following a tournament at the Quail Ridge Racquet Club. Bunis was picking up the check, which guaranteed that everyone would order wine and dessert. Ulrich had meat, wine and a hot fudge sundae, and then puffed absently on a cigarette. A reporter asked him if he wanted to be anonymous. Said Torben, "An eagle is not anonymous. A large oak tree is not anonymous. But they do not seek fame."

The same reporter asked Seixas if he missed not being younger and playing tournaments for big purses. "I'd like to be 25 years younger," he said. "They could keep the money."

At dinner the players reminisced about years and players past. Frank Kovacs was mentioned as the greatest player who never won a major title. Kovacs

used to walk up to Don Budge and ask, "How's the second-best backhand in the world?"

Despite the bantering, there was one serious moment. Fraser was leaving the following day to return home to captain and coach Australia's Davis Cup team and would be unable to play in the final two tournaments. He was disappointed that he hadn't won an event, and was down on himself because he hadn't been in good physical condition.

He rose to make a toast. First he saluted Sedgman as the winner of the tour; the two are neighbors in a Melbourne suburb and are good friends. Then he offered a challenge.

"Next year it'll be a different story," he promised.

The phrase "next year" hung in the air like perfume. To everyone sitting at the table, the words had a nice ring. At a time when none of them expected it, their scrapbooks still were open. For them, the game goes on. **END**

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Thoma & Allen -



This starry winter's night the two of us were sitting in the bar of the Third Turtle Inn, Providenciales, Turks and Caicos Islands, one of the few remaining fragments of the British West Indies, a necklace of cays and islands and just over 7,000 people hung south of the Bahamas and 100 miles north of Haiti. This was our fourth night there, the air soft, warm, tranquil, our mood quietly euphoric.

"Tomorrow, then," said Art, "we head out there again with the fly rods."

"The fly rods only," I concurred.

"They are going to climb all over those flies," said Art. He had made that remark several times that evening.

"But we take it steadily," I said, repeating another of the evening's themes. "One man casts, lands his fish. Then the other takes over in the bow."

"Better still," said Art, "you take the boat and maroon

had felt the kind of triumph that industrial geologists must feel when, from theoretical evidence alone, they pinpoint a vast oil deposit below the ocean bed.

Those charts had belovewed bonefish! The islands form a rough crescent embracing a vast area of shallows and flats, 2,000 square miles altogether, and much more water than land, an enormous, bountiful area to fish, much of it, inevitably, virgin.

Probably the serious way to investigate such richness would be with a houseboat as a base, and a shallow-draft skiff to probe the creeks and channels. But that would have called for a prodigal investment of time of the kind that few anglers, since Zane Grey, anyway, are able to afford. A lightning strike would be all that we could manage. So we headed for Providenciales—as nobody actually calls it.

In the past, it had been Blue Hills, an island once noto-

## THE PROVO PROVISIO

East of Providenciales in the British West Indies there is spectacular bonefishing—if the wind isn't blowing by CLIVE GAMMON

me. Leave me on a sandspit and I'll ambush 'em as they come by. Later we can switch."

We stood up, yawning. "No more tonight, Frank," I said virtuously to the advancing burman. "We have a big day ahead of us tomorrow."

You may recall that some years back there was a cult among surfers—a search for the Perfect Wave. I never heard the outcome of that. But here in the Turks and Caicos, after a mere four days of searching, Art and I had our hands on just as glittering a Grail. We believed we had located the Ultimate Bonefish Flat.

Plenty of people had had the chance of discovering it before us, from Ponce de Leon on. (He arrived in the islands in 1512, but some think Columbus got there ahead of him.) The Lucayan Indians might have fished there before the Spaniards shipped them out to work the mines of Hispaniola. The early colonists from Bermuda, followed by Loyalists from Georgia and the Carolinas who fled to the islands after the Revolutionary War, were more interested in salt production than bonefish. The present-day islanders, mainly descendants of slaves, go after bonefish all right, but our treasured flat was far from any of their settlements.

So the discovery had been left for Art and me, representatives of the latest wave of invaders the islands had seen—cosseted, airborne pleasure-seekers from the West, though we did not consider ourselves tourists but serious researchers. Months before, poring over marine charts, we

rous for its wreckers who hoisted lights to lure sailing vessels onto the rocks. Then, when modest development took place—some villas, a couple of hotels, a landing strip and a dock—it was rechristened Providenciales, maybe because that sounded more chic. Swiftly, though, it was anglicized to Provo. Now it is less than chic to call it anything else.

We arrived in Provo just before dark. A black squall was sweeping across the west of the island, and for a minute or two the eight-seater Beechcraft was driving through blinding rain. But then we were out of it and landing in the last of the sunshine. All the way down from Miami there had been thunderheads and patches of low, thick cloud over the Bahamas. Winter cold fronts heading south. "Don't worry," Art said. "All these fronts dwindle to nothing before they hit Provo."

After dinner on our first night, it seemed that he might be right. From horizon to horizon the sky blazed with stars. We stood on a wooden bridge spanning a cut of water in the little marina outside the Third Turtle. A dock light shone down, picking out a dozen mangrove snappers lying head-to-tail. Then a big fish was sliding into the clear patch. Slender, forked tail. . . "Hey!" Art whispered, "bonefish!"

Dammit, they were right there in the hotel! Later, in the bar, a guest confided that, yes, he'd been out that afternoon and he'd got 15 bones in an hour and a half. No calculator was needed to figure that this meant seeing, casting to, hooking and landing a fish every six minutes. Those bones could not have been very big. But who cared? Wasn't that the pattern in this area? Small fish but plenty of them. Deprived of bonefishing for many months, our appetites were as indiscriminating as a tiger shark's.

So in next morning's predawn blackness it was with a mis-

continued

errible sinking of the boat that we heard the small-arms rattle of rain on the windows and the wind howling in the bush. "Nobody informed that front that it was supposed to dwindle," I told Art.

There seemed no need to hurry. As we sat at breakfast, the sky was still a mess of tattered clouds, and surf boomed on the reef a mile offshore. Only the fact that this was our first morning made us consider going to sea at all. And it turned out to be the first time that either of us had been bused to a bonefish flat.

The rain was a result of a norther, coming right onto the shoreline where the hotel stood. Though the reef gave partial protection, there was still a lot of rough water to be crossed before we got into shelter, maybe 20 minutes of wet, bouncy ride. But delicate creatures like Art and me, the management had decided, should be spared this. So the guide took the boat alone and we were loaded onto a pickup for 20 minutes of dry, bouncy ride all the way to Lee-ward Going Through, the sea passage off the northeast end of Provo. There, waiting for us with the boat, was Lemuel Stubbs.

A nome with a fine 18th-century ring to it, and well in character. Not far from where we stood on the little quay there was a small island named Stubbs Cay and a gap in the reef called Stubbs Cut, named for some salty ancestor of Lemuel's who had hauled so many crawfish out of the rocks there that he had a kind of title to it. This latest Stubbs, square-cut, a little dour-looking perhaps, a man not inclined to speak unless he had something to say, seemed well in the tradition.

Some fishing guides are arrogant. Art and I would be spending several days in Lemuel's company and he in ours. It was natural for us to give some time to mutual summing up. Lemuel led with the first test question. "Bring your own tackle?" he inquired.

"Well, some people is beginners," he apologized when he saw our gear. "They aren't fishermen, but they want to catch a bonefish. So I takes 'em to the mud."

No mud fishers we, he was assured. For us, the classic stalk on the flats. To start with, we'd fool around with six-pound spinning outfits, just to get our eyes accustomed to sighting fish, just to get the feel of a bone on the end of a line again. Then we would switch to fly-fishing. "All right,"

said Lemuel briefly. We headed out along a dark, deep channel until the flats were plainly in view.

For a time, maybe for an hour, there is no necessity for bonefish to be present on a bonefish flat, especially on your first trip in a long time. The pleasure of poling along the flats is enough in itself. You see bonefish moving clumsily out of the way of the boat, barracudas hanging like poised spears, great rays churning clouds of white mud. Later, though, with no bones showing up, you start getting restless.

And on this first day out with Lemuel, he was restless long before we were. To start with, the visibility was poor—too much movement on the wind-stirred water, the sun breaking through only occasionally. "See, today, with the bad weather," Lemuel said, "this was the only place I could bring you. And this ain't the best of places."

On the horizon we saw a white boat, a 20-footer it appeared to be, heading in. "Man," Lemuel said, "that boat going to be filled with bonefish. They been out on the mud." Fishing blind, that is, into the smoky-white patches of mud stirred up by shoals of small bones in the deeper water outside the flats. *Fifteen bonefish in an hour and a half!* Of course, that guest in the Third Turtle had sucked up his score in the mud. "If you want, I can take you to the mud," Lemuel said. It was another test question. We set his mind at rest. No mud fishers we.

The white boat came by us, the crowd aboard waving happily. "Tourists," Art snarled, failing to raise his arm. For a while we fished on, but it was hopeless. On the way home we cast MirrOfures into the deep channel in case one of the resident tarpon was in a queuing mood. Only a big horse-eye jack showed interest but turned away when he saw the boat.

"What I'm going to do," Lemuel said, "is, when we get ashore, I'm going to drag the boat out, hook up on the Jeep and take her right over the south side. That will take me the afternoon. Tomorrow we'll fish in the lee of the wind on the other side of the island."

That evening in the hotel, Art and I could have done with T-shirts with something like we don't fear the mud emblazoned on them. The innocents who had been out in the big boat didn't understand concepts like wind and visibility. "I caught four," croaked a plump lady as we dourly

sipped our drinks at the bar. She got about half a thin smile. At dinner Art dealt with his grouper fillet with silent, savage intensity. We went to bed early.

The sky looked better next morning. The wind was down, too, and over on the south side of the island the water shimmered. For half an hour we ran along small, perfect beaches, the sand white as bleached bone, and low cliffs tunneled with caves. Ospreys soared over us. Only puffs of white, fair-weather cumulus hung in the sky. The cliffs gave way to low ground and then we were into bonefish country again.



That second day we did a little better. One place, especially, an indented bay of white sand, held a school of a dozen good fish, and it was possible to slip out of the boat and stalk them. For the moment it was enough to see the fish turn in unison at the one-eighth-ounce pink shrimp that I flipped just ahead of them, follow it toward me and the leader of the school take it firmly. After that the well-remembered, endless wail of the drag, the rod held high to keep the line from rough patches of bottom.

That first bone was a six-pounder. In the next hour, three more fish hit and were landed. All of good size: these were clearly not the small fish in big schools that one finds in many places in the Bahamas. It all looked promising, but from then on we ran out of sightings. Maybe it was the turn of the tide that did it.

"You ever talk with Tommy Coleman?" Lemuel said on the way home. "He used to have a bonefish camp, private little bonefish camp, on the south side here. Lives on Parrot Cay now. Used to fish all the time."

"Maybe it wouldn't hurt to talk to Tommy," Art said.

"You still have plenty of time left to fish," said Lemuel. "Tommy knows a lot. I could take you over tomorrow."

Coleman, in his 50s, baked brown, was, he proudly told us next day, an old Florida cracker from Saint Cloud, 20 years out from home via Nassau and the Exumas. "I'm the only man I know," he said, "that called it quits at the age of 30. With no money. But I made it so far. I was 31 when I hit Nassau, and I'm still fishing for my frying pan."

He sat in his rocking chair as if it were a throne, and indeed he was king of his small island domain.

United Parrot Republic, said a coat of arms on the wall. Flittingly, also, at first he talked about treasure, not fish.

"Most of the treasure 'round hereabouts," he said, "come after that slaves' uprising in Haiti. 'Bout 1800, was it? All them French plantation owners came here. Real rich. All this fancy silver and gold. Buried it when they come ashore. But my treasure, it came from o' King Christophe. He built himself a retreat here, and he reckoned, if the French ever kicked him out of Haiti, he was going to come pick up his treasure and head to New Orleans. Now for 16 years I was looking for it. I used to bum a ride from the Exumas and walk the shore. Then about six years ago, well, hell, here was the treasure. Matter of fact, it was a fellow over from Provo that found the first gold coin. So, man, I got my buddies together, we got one of them metal finders and we went over and we dug a place. It was all scattered, the box was all broke up. But it was there."

Naturally, Tommy told us, he had put it back exactly where he found it. "Do I want the government to come to me? Taxes? Claims? Man, forget it. It's still buried where it was." He looked at us unflinchingly.

Provo and the cays around it might well be hip-deep in treasure. It is no legend that Teach and Morgan quartered

there and so did those two demonic women pirates, Ann Bonny and Mary Read. The Spanish treasure ships used to come out of Port of Spain, Trinidad and use the deep Cacos passage to clear the Indies. Provo was a perfect ambush point. Parrot, as in Parrot Cay, is a corruption of pirate.

Art and I were concerned with a different kind of treasure, though. We steered Tommy onto fish.

"Bonefish?" he said dreamily, his mind perhaps still on the treasure. "Listen, I eat a 30-pound bonefish one time. Well, I helped 't eat him. That was in Mayaguana, 50 miles from here. Listen, they've had them here. 20 pounds, in the seine nets. Never on a line. Biggest one I ever caught here, listen, I didn't weigh him because I had to eat him. 'Bout 10 years ago I built a camp, real, real pretty, over the western end of Provo. And when I was building it I had this boat anchored there, and me and the troops were sleeping on this boat, working, building things, and I thought I'd go catch a bit of fish for supper. I walked back and I saw a creek there, a hole. So I took my rod and threw my feather across it. And man, he had it! And I caught him! I said to this man on the boat, 'What he weigh?' And he says, 'Listen, man, that thing is 15 pounds!' But there weren't no road going over the island then, so I can't get him to a freezer, ship him to the States. So I was just stuck, eating the biggest damn bonefish I ever caught!"

We listened reverently to all this. "Fifteen pounds," Art said. "That's close to the record."

"World's record from someplace in Africa, ain't it?" Tommy said. "The record up around here is about 16 pounds, ain't it? Caught up in Bimini. But the world's record, 19 pounds, come out of Africa. Listen,

we had a fellow here. Reindeer Sturges, he's one of the best bonefishermen in the world. But he don't write about it. He just goes bonefishing. Where there's bonefishing, he goes. He swears that the world's record will come from that place down there." Tommy's brown thumb jerked to the south.

Lemuel had been listening attentively to all this. He looked where the thumb was pointing, "Ocean Hole?"

"Right," said Tommy. "Ocean Hole, south of Grand Cacos. Supposed to be bottomless but it's 300 feet. Big black hole in the bank. North of there is the bonefish flats. Some of them flats ain't never seen a feather."

From then on, there was no possibility that Art and I would head anywhere other than the Ocean Hole, even though, Lemuel explained, it was a two-hour run from the Third Turtle Inn. We left Tommy Coleman at his treasure and his kingdom. We had preparations to make.

Next morning, at 5 a.m., I was listening anxiously for the patter of rain, for the wind to spring up. But the weather held. The sun was strong when we slipped out of the marina for the long haul south and east. The trip was strangely like climbing one of those hills when, every time you reach what you think is the crest, another is rising ahead of you. In the distance there would be the faint smudge of a distant

continued



LEMUEL STUBBS

cay. We would come up to it, then see that beyond it was another cay. Then another. It was the full two hours and more before we moved inshore again to the Promised Land.

It was good, almost from the beginning. At the first flat, Lemuel switched off the motor, picked up the pole and scattered a shoal of bonefish that must have just moved out of the deep. The only thing to complain of was the bottom. Mostly it was dark, making it a little difficult to spot fish. Nevertheless, there were abundant bonefish there and of a high average size, four pounds and upward. Upward to what? Eight or nine pounds, possibly. Tommy Coleman had probably eaten the bigger ones.

"Three years since I been here," Lemuel said suddenly as we poled along. "You ever hear of a man, Ted Williams? A sport player? I didn't know who he was till they told me. Good fisherman. He didn't want no mud holes, either." He gave one of his short, rare laughs. "He did some fly-fishing but not out here at the Hole."

Art and I had our fly rods in the boat, so far as we had not picked them up. It was a long time since we had met bonefish. Humane enough, perhaps, we were settling for quicker action with the spinning rods and the lures. "Maybe after lunch we'll do a little fly casting," Art said.

How were we to know that after lunch we would come upon the Ultimate Bonefish Flat?

**I**n the morning, over the dark flat, the sport had been modest but interesting. Now, with the sun high overhead, we followed the coast of Grand Caicos to the east. We all felt some kind of sharp anticipation, and the instinct was not false. We rounded a low headland, and there it was in front of us.

It was pure sand, a clear white. A band of it, perhaps 200 feet wide, stood out between the mangroves and the greens, deeper water. It ran, I guessed, for close to five miles. Lemuel started the motor and we took a wide swing out to sea. The gentle breeze was from the north: we would head up to the top of the flat and pole down with it.

In fact, we could have gone higher up than we did: there seemed almost an infinity of water to fish. But there was no need. Lemuel cut the motor, got the skiff into its fishing position and said, immediately, "Bonefish." Quietly, like that. Not the least of his virtues as a guide was that he never shouted, let alone shrieked as some do, putting the caster off.

Now I could see the bones, a pair of them, fish maybe five or six pounds, inshore of our boat. I flicked my little lure to them. One lunged and took it. Over that white sand, the visibility was perfect. One extraordinary thing we saw was that the other bonefish did not immediately vanish. For several seconds it held position, as if puzzled.

It would be repetitious to detail the events of the next two hours. Like waves of hapless infantry committed to a frontal attack by a mindless high command, schools of bonefish moved toward the boat as we poled slowly down the sand corridor. Some of the schools numbered 30 or 40 fish. None of them were small. The biggest we hooked was around eight pounds but others might have been bigger. We hooked more than we landed: inevitably, on the six-pound-test, some fish crashed the mangroves and cut the line. Fishing etiquette went lamentably by the boards in the excitement after we

discovered that one angler could hook a fish and not spook the school, giving the second man a shot. There were more double hookups than anybody needed. The only calm man in the boat was Lemuel. And the fly rods, forgotten, lay where they were.

We kept no account of the fish, releasing them as they came to the boat, and by three in the afternoon we found ourselves in a state that must be very rare in angling history. We were satiated with catching bones, and the only one not willing to call it a day was Lemuel. It distressed him, clearly, to quit. We had to sit down, like men on strike, before he reluctantly started the motor.

The Ultimate Bonefish Flat. Big, unsophisticated fish. Perfect visibility. Firm sand, so that, had we thought of it, we could have waded with ease. And used the fly rods. Before we had arrived back at the Third Turtle, the thought was already tarnishing the pure pleasure of the afternoon.

But we could return next day, in a more suitable frame of mind, with the fly rods. It was with controlled glee, that night in the bar, that Art forecast with what abandon those bonefish would climb all over our flies the next day. It could not have been 10 minutes later that the wind sprang up. A big wind. From the south, right into the Ocean Hole.

That would seem to have been that. The Ultimate Bonefish Flat had one drawback only, as we saw it. It could not be fished in a southerly wind. We went to bed accepting that there would be no last, fly-fishing day. It would have been less messy, certainly, if it had been left at that.

But at breakfast the next morning the wind had gone down, though heavy swells—rising, no doubt, ahead of a big front—were breaking over the reef and running into the sheltered bay. The first half hour of our run to the Ocean Hole was rough and wet, and the waves were breaking white over the sandbars we had to cross. We weathered all that, though, slid into the Leeward Going Through passage and punched east for the bonefish.

It looked pretty good when we got there: the water was calm. Art demanded to be put ashore with his fly rod, and so he was. Lemuel and I headed a couple of miles up the flat, promising to pick him up later.

This time there was no instant action, but that, we felt, was easily explained. The water was still very shallow: the tide had not yet begun to rise on the flats. Art must have realized the same thing. It seemed a kindness to pick him up again, we felt, to wait for the flood to start.

So there, in the end, were the three of us, watching and waiting. And, of course, as it always does, eventually the tide started to run. If there were any bonefish in it, though, they were well concealed from us. For instead of its pristine transparency of the day before, the water was the color and opacity of milk. The overnight storm had compounded a thick emulsion of water and mud. The fly rods, after all, would not be used on the Ultimate Bonefish Flat.

But at least we were in a stronger position than that angust who mislaid the Lost Chord. We know precisely where what might well be the finest bonefishing flat in the world is located. We saw it again the next day when our Miami-bound Beechcraft flew low over the Ocean Hole, and for a moment Art looked ready to hijack the plane and order it down on the nearest sandspit. Understandable. Hell, his fly rod was right there at his side.

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Buffalo, N.Y.? Deerfield Beach, Fla.? Lima, Ohio? Bloomington, Indianapolis and Merrillville, Ind.? Why, those can't be the hometowns of Oklahoma Sooners. Sooners are supposed to come from places like Hooks, Texas or Dallas, or right there at home in Norman. And they run a wishbone, not a fast break. And win Heisman Trophies, not basketball games. Wrong.

Aaron Curry, Al Beal, John McCullough, Terry Stotts, Raymond Whitley and Cary Carrabine came from those un-Soonerville places, and they play basketball. Played it well enough, in fact, from November through February to win 17 games and give Oklahoma its first Big Eight championship in 30 years. And then last week in Kansas City, just to show that the regular-season title was no fluke, Oklahoma came into Kemper Arena and won the Big Eight postseason championship as well.

The regular-season championship notwithstanding, few folks figured the Sooners had a chance. After all, Big Eight basketball supremacy belonged to Kansas, Kansas State and Missouri, which had dived up every title since 1966. Then there was the fact that even though Oklahoma had 10 Big Eight wins, the Sooners had split with Missouri and had been beaten twice by Kansas. Moreover, Missouri, Kansas and Kansas State had young teams that were improving week to week.

"Traditionally, the league is thought of as those three," said Dave Bliss, the Oklahoma coach. "But there's parity now because a while ago the football schools realized that they could make money in basketball." Indeed, new facilities have been built recently at Oklahoma, Colorado, Iowa State and Nebraska, enabling former Big Eight basketball have-nots to upgrade programs and attract quality recruits who might have looked elsewhere.

Bliss, 35, a protégé of Indiana's Bobby Knight, is largely responsible for Oklahoma's success. He came to Norman from Indiana four years ago, so steeped in Knight's beliefs that his conversation is still sprinkled with phrases such as "I learned this from Bobby" or "Knight

## Ah, that Blissful feeling

*Oklahoma won its first Big Eight title in 30 years with a bunch of out-of-staters and a coach who traces his success to the days he spent at Bobby Knight's knee*

taught me this." Ten years ago, when Bliss was a freshman coach at Cornell, Knight phoned him and persuaded him to join the Army so that he could work with Knight as an assistant at West Point. But after basic training at Fort Dix, Bliss unexpectedly received orders to report to quartermaster school at Fort Lee, Va. After a frantic call to Knight, the orders were countermanded and Bliss was off to West Point. As a taskmaster, Bliss rates himself about knee high to Knight. But then, Bliss has angrily ejected a player from practice "for playing like a patsy" on more than one occasion. And early this season, thinking that his players appeared a bit out of shape, he summoned them at 6 a.m. one day for a brisk four-mile run. "The main thing I learned from Bobby," he says, "is that good players take you farther."

Indeed, good players have taken Oklahoma a far piece. And they had to come from pretty far away to do it. Of Bliss' six regulars, none grew up any closer to Norman than Bloomington, Ind., 400 miles distant. The roster lists no one from the state of Oklahoma. Stotts, a 6'8" dead-eye shooter who averages 15 points a game, is the Bloomington player. Or at least he played there for two years. As a high school sophomore, Stotts played in Guam, where his father coaches basketball at the university. Beal, the center, is a 6'9", 215-pound package from Deerfield Beach, with hands dangling near his knees and legs that give leap a new meaning in Big Eight bas-

ketball. The guards are Curry, from Buffalo, an ace defender; Carrabine, from Merrillville, a three-year starter switched to sixth man this season; and Raymond Whitley, from Indianapolis, who forced Carrabine to the bench. At point guard, Whitley orchestrates the four-corner offense and handles the press with a quickness that belies the fact that he is 6'3".

*continued*



Whitley was an all-round whiz in the Kansas game

and was a standout forward at Manual High. Back then, both Indiana and North Carolina State people visited him often, but Whitley discovered that Knight and Norm Sloan had more desirable recruits. "They jacked him around," Bliss says. "I needed him badly and told him with us he'd play right away."

McCullough, from Lima, and the leading Sooner scorer the past three seasons, was scarcely recruited. Five years ago Bliss was scouting a blue-chipper named Butch Carter for Knight. Carter was a natural, but Bliss couldn't help notice McCullough diving after loose balls even though his team was behind by 30 points. He is a career 49% shooter, the Big Eight MVP and Oklahoma's No. 3 all-time scorer behind Alvan Adams and Don Sidle.

In the semifinals, McCullough canned seven of 10 shots and all five Oklahoma starters were in double figures as the Sooners beat Kansas State 72-68. It was their fourth win over the Wildcats this season, a landmark of sorts because it was the first time in Jack Hartman's nine years at Kansas State that the Wildcats failed to beat each conference team at least once. "I'm happy just to be in the final," Bliss said. "Big's not a hair of difference between the four of us."

In the other semifinal, Kansas eliminated Missouri 76-73, silencing critics who had been groaning all year that the Jayhawks had peaked in the preseason polls. With an all-conference guard in Darnell Valentine, and 7' 1" Center Paul Mokeski, who had outplayed UCLA's David Greenwood in last year's Western Regional, Kansas had been picked high by both the AP and UPI. Obviously the pollsters were also impressed with Coach Ted Owens' much-publicized follow-the-sun recruiting trip last March in which, by utilizing a Learjet, he signed blue-chip recruits Tony Guy in Maryland, David Magley in Indiana and Mark Snow in California in a single day. But right off, the chemistry went sour. With five seniors gone, the new faces and the old did not blend well. Valentine concentrated on shooting and the fast break, and Mokeski all too often was far from the action. Over a dismal stretch in December and January, the Jayhawks lost six of 11, including one game by 23 points at Oklahoma and three of four in the conference, which dropped them into seventh place.

But following a 96-69 loss at Kansas State, Owens cracked down, ordering

Valentine to stop forcing fast breaks and feed the ball to Mokeski. As a result, Mokeski's rebounding improved vastly, his scoring went from 10 a game to more than 17 and the team shooting percentage soared. Kansas won eight of its last 12 games, three of the losses coming by two points each. And among the wins was a 74-62 victory over Oklahoma. No wonder Kansas fans poured into Kemper Arena expecting a championship.

But it was not to be. Beal dominated the boards and Oklahoma drilled in 52% of its shots from the floor. With 8:07 left, Kansas trailed by just 59-53, thanks largely to Mokeski's scrambling for points underneath and torrid outside shooting by Magley, who finished with 16 points. But then Whitley drove for a basket that made it 61-53, Beal slam-dunked off a lob feed from McCullough and Kansas was finished. Whitley scored 22 points, broke the Kansas press wide open and was mainly responsible for holding Valentine to seven points. Beal had 23 points, 22 rebounds and five blocked shots. With :06 left, it was 80-65 and Bliss jumped to his feet, arms raised high, and spun excitedly toward the bench. "We... are... the... Big... Eight... champs," he yelled, pausing between words.

True, even if he had to go outside the Big Eight to pull it off.

## THE WEEK

(Feb. 26-March 4)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

**EAST** For many of the nation's finest teams it was an anxious week, one of playoffs and tournaments and sweating it out as they sought berths in the NCAA tournament. One exuberant winner was Iona Coach Jim Valvano. After his team stopped St. John's 63-57 for the Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference Metropolitan championship, Valvano said, "We own the Big Apple." To get to the finals, the Gaels had to overcome Seton Hall in the first round, battling back from four points down at halftime to win 80-73. Iona then blew most of its 18-point lead against St. John's but hung on with the help of Jeff Ruland's 24 points.

In a matchup labeled the ECAC Upstate New York Southern championship, Georgetown, which is in Washington, D.C., rallied for a 66-58 victory over Syracuse. The Hoyas, who trailed 30-28 at halftime, prevailed when John Doren flicked in 11 points in the second half. The Orangemen scored only five

points in the first 9½ minutes after intermission. To qualify for the matchup, Georgetown beat Old Dominion 73-52 and Syracuse ran its winning streak to 19 games by clipping St. John's, Bonaventure 83-71. Despite losing, St. John's and Syracuse got NCAA bids.

Bruce Harrold, a 5'7½ foul shooter during the regular season, twice came through in the clutch as Temple took the East Coast Conference tournament. Harrold made four free throws in the last 1:19 to knock off Lafayette 53-50 and he sank two foul shots with 23 seconds left as the Owls edged St. Joseph's 61-60 in the title game. The Hawks led 25-19 before having their four-corner offense shredded by Temple's 2-1-2 defense. Explained Owl Coach Don Casey, "I got the 2-1-2 from Coach John Chaney of Cheyney State. The guy in the middle plays zone, the others keep watching."

Another poor foul shooter suddenly found the range as Rutgers built its record to 21-8 by taking the Eastern Eight tournament. Kelvin Troy, who was 58% from the line during the season, sank 21 of 31 free throws as the Scarlet Knights downed Penn State 67-57, West Virginia 55-52 and Pitt 61-57. To come out on top, Rutgers also needed a flurry of points from James Bailey, who tossed in 55 in the three victories.

Connecticut won the ECAC New England title by beating Boston College 91-74 and knocking off Rhode Island 58-50. In the wrap-up game, freshman Cory Thompson's three-point play broke a 41-41 tie and put the Huskies ahead for keeps.

By beating Western Carolina 65-43 and Furman 86-83, Appalachian State won the Southern Conference tournament and ran its record to 23-5. Darryl Robinson ensured the Mountaineers' first-ever trip to the NCAA's with 26 points against Furman.

Penn put the finishing touches on its eighth 20-win season in 10 years. With Tony Price picking up 35 points and picking off 15 rebounds, Penn beat Yale 96-81 and Brown 83-75.

### 1. NORTH CAROLINA (23-5)

### 2. GEORGETOWN (24-4) 3. SYRACUSE (25-3)

**WEST** A few scoring streaks, a pressing defense, plus fine performances by Brad Holland and David Greenwood enabled UCLA to drub California 79-68 and Stanford 99-71 en route to its 13th straight conference title in what is now known as the Pac-10. Holland had 25 points and Greenwood 22 in the victory over the Bears, UCLA's 1,000th win. As for the Cardinals, any upset hopes they had were wiped out when the Bruins outscored them 25-4 during one streak. Holland and Kiki Vandeweghe each had 22 points in that game, while Greenwood added 28 and pulled down 11 rebounds.

Even though ace Center Cliff Robinson was still out with a sprained right foot, Stanford

continued



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Cal continued to win with surprising ease and rattled down an NCAA bid. Serving as the catalyst for the Trojans was 6'7" Purvis Miller, who had 20 and 22 points respectively to help dispose of Stanford 79-68 and Cal 86-64.

Unlike Robinson, Danny Ange of Brigham Young was back in the lineup. Ange, who suffered partially torn knee ligaments the week before, helped the Cougars squeak out a 96-95 decision at San Diego State that clinched their first Western AC championship since 1972. Fred Roberts had 23 points for BYU, but Ange was the key figure with 24 points, including two free throws in the last seven seconds, and nine rebounds. The Aztecs got 38 points from Kim (The Long Ranger) Gootz, who hit on 17 of 21 field-goal tries. Against WAC runner-up Utah, the 6'7" Gootz had another big game, sinking 18 of 31 shots from the floor and scoring a team-record 44 points. The Utes, though, got 30 points from Greg Deane and 26 from Tom Chambers, won 100-87 and got an NCAA bid.

Weber State beat Montana 98-71 and Northern Arizona 92-70 to take the Big Sky tournament. During those games the Wildcats shot 59.6% from the floor, had a 95-64 rebounding edge and got 44 points from Rich Smith. Further support came from Guard Bruce Collins, who scored 43 points, grabbed 24 rebounds and blocked five shots.

The West's top gunner, however, was Denver's Matt Teahan, who made 27 of 47 field-goal attempts and had a school-record 61 points, as the Pioneers beat Nebraska Wesleyan 113-96.

Pacific won the Pacific Coast AA tournament by trimming UC-Irvine 57-52, Long Beach State 74-69 and Utah State 82-73. Utah State was given an NCAA berth, as were West Coast AC titlist San Francisco and Pepperdine.

#### 1.UCLA (23-0)

#### 2.UNC (19-8) 3.SAN FRANCISCO (21-4)

**MIDWEST** Larry Bird Boulevard is the new name for the street that runs past the high school the Indiana State star attended. And last week Bird paved the Sycamores' road to the NCAA's with 74 points as they took the Missouri Valley tournament by beating West Texas State 94-84, Southern Illinois 79-72 and New Mexico State 69-59. That made Indiana State the 16th team to reach the NCAA's with a perfect record. The Sycamores had a scare, though, when Bird was injured in the MVC finale, but he is not expected to be hampered much by a slightly cracked thumb.

Before the Arkansas-Texas clash in the Southwest Conference windup, it was announced that there was a car from Arkansas in the parking lot with its lights on. That brought raucous cheers from the Longhorn fans in Houston's Summit. But when the game was over, it was the Razorback rooters who

were all lit up and shouting. Arkansas having prevailed 39-38 by virtue of slowdown tactics and Sidney Moncrief's twisting layup 16 seconds from the end. Texas had advanced to the finals by eliminating Houston 79-45, Arkansas by downing Texas Tech 93-77 behind U.S. Reed's 22 points and Moncrief's 21 points and 13 rebounds. Texas then joined Arkansas in the NCAA's by getting an at-large bid.

Freshman Center Dale Solomon, Virginia Tech's top scorer, was in New Jersey for his grandmother's funeral, so Forward Wayne Robinson took up the slack when the Gobblers met Cincinnati in the first round of the Metro 7 tournament. Robinson came through with 18 points, 11 rebounds and five blocked shots as Tech won 80-74. When Tech faced top-seeded Louisville, Solomon was on hand to toss in 28 points in a 72-68 upset. That put the Gobblers in the title game against Florida State. Despite 30 points by State's Murray Brown, who scored a tournament-record 70 points, Tech won 68-60 as Solomon chipped in with 21 points.

Southland Conference champion Lamar concluded its regular season by beating Arkansas State 90-87.

#### 1.INDIANA STATE (29-0)

#### 2.ARKANSAS (23-4) 3.TEXAS (21-7)

**MIDEAST** "When it left my hands, it really looked good," said Wincomin's sophomore guard, Wesley Matthews, of his hard-to-believe 55-foot basket in the last second against Michigan State. Matthews' shot bounced off the backboard and through the net for an 83-81 Badger triumph that left three teams tied for the Big Ten title. There were three seconds to go in the game when Earvin Johnson of the Spartans concluded his 13-rebound, eight-assist day by scoring the last of his 26 points on two foul shots. That knotted the score at 81. Then Matthews took an rebound pass and unleashed his improbable shot. That was the second shocker of the week pulled off by Wisconsin, which had toppled Ohio State from a first-place deadlock with a 76-73 decision.

Sharing first were Michigan State, Iowa and Purdue. The Spartans earned their slice of the title by beating Minnesota 76-63 as Gregory Kiser pumped in 25 points, Jay Vincent 23 and Johnson 21. Iowa started off with a 61-53 loss to Michigan, which got 21 points from Mike McGee and 16 points and 15 rebounds from Phil Hubbard. The Hawkeyes then bounced back for a 95-84 win at Northwestern. Purdue defeated Indiana 55-48 and Ohio State 74-66, Joe Barry Carroll leading the way with 50 points and 26 rebounds. NCAA selectors gave tournament spots to Michigan State and Iowa.

SEC coaches picked Tennessee to end up seventh in the conference, but first-year Coach Don DeVoe brought the Vols home second. And last week the Vols wrapped up

their string of surprises by winning the first SEC tournament in 27 years. Tennessee made it to the finals by defeating Auburn 75-64. Another upset, Kentucky, had to win three times to make it to the final round. The Wildcats got 32 points from Kyle Macy as they beat Mississippi 82-77. Kentucky next jared Alabama 101-100 as Truman Claytor hit nine field goals without a miss in the second half and Dwight Anderson sank a free throw with eight seconds left. Although Anderson broke his left wrist in the first 30 seconds against Louisiana State, the Wildcats then shocked the regular-season champions 80-67 as Macy and Claytor teamed up for 49 points. Claytor had 27 points in the showdown with Tennessee, which was tied 55-55 at the end of regulation play. A three-point play by Reggie

#### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**CLAUDE GREGORY:** The 6'8" Wisconsin sophomore forward scored 48 points and grabbed 26 rebounds as the Badgers pulled off two upsets in the Big Ten, a 76-73 win over Ohio State and an 83-81 defeat of Michigan.

Johnson early in overtime helped the Vols win 75-69. Gary Carter's 22 points and nine rebounds were instrumental for Tennessee. LSU joined the Vols in the NCAA. Kentucky went to the NIT.

DePaul, which has virtually no bench strength, built a 34-23 halftime lead over visiting Notre Dame and then hung on. The Blue Demons lost two starters on fouls, kept plugging away and jolted the Irish for the second year in a row, 76-72, as both teams tussled up for the NCAA's. Notre Dame was then stunned 62-59 on Sunday at Michigan.

Western Kentucky left the floor with what it felt was a 77-76 victory over Eastern Kentucky in the finals of the Ohio Valley tournament. But the Hilltoppers had to come back when it was ruled that Eastern's Dave Tierney had been fouled just before the buzzer. After much confusion, Tierney went to the foul line, where he sank two shots to make the Colonels 78-77 winners.

Toledo and Central Michigan will have a playoff this week to settle the Mid-American race. The Rockets' 79-43 drubbing of Eastern Michigan earned them a tie for first with Central, which lost to Kent State 79-68.

An 83-64 verdict over South Carolina made NCAA-bound Marquette a 20-game winner for the 13th season at a row. Sam Worthen's nine assists gave him a Warrior single-season mark of 192. Also headed for the NCAA's were the Sun Belt's regular-season champion, South Alabama, the conference's tournament winner, Jacksonville, and independent Detroit.

#### 1.MICHIGAN STATE (21-4)

#### 2.NOTRE DAME (22-5) 3.DuPAUL (22-4)

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## Believe it or not, the U.S. won

Dan Ripley upset the Soviet juggernaut with a record pole vault at Fort Worth

In recent weeks the Soviet Union has been touring America with a traveling athletic show entitled "The Russians Are Winning! The Russians Are Winning!" First came a hockey team, which humiliated the NHL All-Stars 6-0 in Madison Square Garden to win the rubber match of a three-game series. Next came a basketball team, which embarrassed 13th-ranked Louisville, 91-76, on the Cardinals' home court. Last Saturday night the Soviet tour reached Fort Worth in the form of a powerhouse track team scheduled to meet an American squad that was

as noteworthy for the athletes not on its roster as for the ones that were.

The missing persons included world-record-holding hurdler Renaldo Nehemiah, who opted to compete for his school, Maryland, in the IC4A meet at Princeton, and Fairleigh Dickinson high jumper Franklin Jacobs, who had announced he, too, would compete in the IC4A, but was prevented from doing so by a bruised heel. Other absentees included middle-distance stars Mark Belger, Steve Scott and Marty Liquori, all of whom bowed out for personal reasons. Was it any wonder, then, that Stan Wright, the American coach, had likened his team to football's No-Name Defense?

But like the No-Name Defense, Wright's wrong names rose to the occasion. In a town whose slogan is "Where the West Begins," the U.S. pulled a stunning upset, downing the U.S.S.R., 121-118. The victory belonged to the men, who beat their Soviet counterparts by nine points to compensate for the American women's six-point loss. And the evening belonged to pole vaulter Dan Ripley, who was named the meet's outstanding competitor after he set a world record with a leap of 18' 5½". Ripley had been flirting with Mike Tully's mark of 18' 5¼" for a month and a day. In six meets in five cities in two countries he had made 16 attempts at a world-record height before he finally soared cleanly over the bar in the Tarrant County Convention Center. Ripley and Earl Bell, who cleared 17' 4", provided a one-two American finish that gave the U.S. a six-point margin in an event that had seemed too close to call before the meet.

Earlier, a U.S. victory had hardly seemed possible. Wright knew he had his hands full when he greeted the Soviet team at the Dallas-Fort Worth Airport Tuesday night. Off the plane came four athletes who were ranked No. 1 in the world last year in their specialties—high jumper Vladimir Yashchenko, hammer thrower Yuri Syedikh, pole

continued



Ripley was a reluctant entrant in the meet, but his 18' 5½" vault sealed a victory for the U.S.

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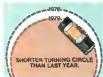
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vaulter Vladimir Trofimiyenko, and 800-meter runner Tatyana Providokhina. In addition, there were two new world-indoor-record holders: high hurdler Andrey Prokofiev and triple jumper Gennady Valuyevich. Spotting Igor Ter-Ovanesyan among the Soviet coaches, Wright said to the former long-jump world-record holder, "Your team is loaded." Ter-O speaks excellent English, but on this occasion words weren't necessary. He just smiled smugly and nodded.

But if the Soviets had come west with the horses, they had little else in their favor. Their team had competed in the European Indoor Championships in Vienna the previous weekend, then flown back to Moscow for two days before making the 15-hour flight to Fort Worth. When the meet started at 6:30 p.m. Saturday, it was 4:30 a.m. in Moscow. Moreover, the Soviets are less accustomed to competing indoors, which their head coach, Nikolai Politko, pointed out by saying, "We do not have many under-the-ceiling arenas." And there was the question of conditioning. When Maria Kulchunova, the fourth-ranked woman in the world at 400 meters, finished last in the 440, a U.S.S.R. coach said, "I think she is without shape."

A combination of these factors probably explains some surprisingly poor Soviet performances, such as that of Trofimiyenko, who no-heightened in the pole vault. There were four competitors in each event, with scoring on a 5-3-2-1 basis, but Trofimiyenko wasn't even entitled to the point for last place. If he had been able to clear the opening height of 17 feet, and if his fellow vaulter, Yevgeny Tananika, who was ranked sixth in the world last year, could have beaten out Bell for second place, the meet would have ended in a 120-120 tie.

The Americans got off to a fast start. Literally. Sixteen-year-old Candy Young, who set a world record of 7.50 in the 60-yard hurdles at the AAU championships the previous week, came out of the blocks so fast that she had virtually won her race by the time she reached the first hurdle. It was an impressive international win because the Soviet entries, Tatyana Anisimova and Nina Morgulina, were ranked third and fifth in the world last year. It seemed more impressive when the public-address announcer gave Young's time as 7.27, which would have been an amazing 23 under her week-old world record. "I was surprised

when I heard that," Young admitted later. "I figured something was wrong."

Something was. The automatic timer had malfunctioned and the 7.27 was a hand time. Instead of a world record, Young had to be content with equalling the hand-timed mark of 7.3 (hand times are rounded to the highest tenth of a second), held jointly by Jane Frederick and Deby LaPlante.

No sooner was the Accutrack working again than it recorded a world record 6.63 in the 60-yard dash for Lyudmila Storozhkova of the Soviet Union. That broke the mark of 6.71 set at the AAUs by Evelyn Ashford, another American athlete who passed up this meet for personal reasons. Storozhkova had described her race as "slow" before a translator informed her of the time. Faced with this surprising bit of news, she simply shrugged.

Earlier in the week, Storozhkova had reflected the concern of many of her teammates that her translated comments might be misconstrued by the American press. On their first night in Fort Worth, the Soviets were taken to a local brewery for what was described as a "beer bust." At a press conference the next day, she was asked if she had drunk any beer. She answered at some length before Ter-Ovanesyan translated, "Yes. She said she drank a little. But she didn't like it." The translator was asked what else she had said. He smiled. "She said that you would probably write that she was a drunkard."

Most of the Soviet women were apparently with shape, because other than Young and another 16-year-old, Sherrin Howard of San Bernardino, who won the 440, only one American managed to win an event. That was Jan Merrill, who took an exciting two-mile run in 9:41.5. By the time Ripley made his second attempt at 18' 5½", the women's competition was over, with the U.S.S.R. 52-46 winners. That was a better American performance than many experts had believed possible and Wright could already sense the upset. The day before, he had predicted that the team competition would be decided in the men's jumping events, in which the Soviets appeared to be overwhelmingly strong.

Wright's hopes got an unexpected boost in the long jump when Vladimir Tselyevyev and Valery Podlubnyy, ninth and 13th in the world the previous year and one-two in the European indoor

championships, could not better the 25' 10¼" jump of Theo Hamilton, who wasn't even ranked in the U.S. in 1978. Then Benn Fields, who cleared 7' 5", and Jim McDaniel took second and third in the high jump between Yashchenko, who won at 7' 6", and Gennady Byelkov, who had finished second to his record-setting teammate at the European Championships. Combined with the 8-2 margin in the pole vault, this gave the U.S. enough of a cushion to withstand the Soviet Union's dominance of the triple jump.

When Ripley missed the first try at the record, he could feel that his pole wasn't stiff enough. Bell, who was critiquing his jumps, agreed, so Ripley switched from a 6.2 pole to a 6.1. Those numbers measure in inches the amount a pole will deflect when a 50-pound weight is hung from its middle. Ripley also asked that the standards be moved forward one inch, reasoning that the less flexible pole wouldn't let him get as far into the pit. His calculations proved correct. Ripley cleared the bar easily and afterward estimated that his jump would have put him over a bar two or three inches higher. No one who witnessed the jump disagreed.

Ripley had almost joined Nehemiah, Jacobs, Liquori et al. on the sideline. The U.S. team was supposed to be composed of the top two American finishers in each event at the AAUs, but even though Ripley had won in Madison Square Garden, he had to be talked into going to Fort Worth by Bell, who had been second.

In an even more curious way, Bell was as responsible for the record-setting pole as he was for Ripley's presence. The pole was one recently built for Ripley because his last 6.1 pole had been lost. It seems that last summer when Ripley and Bell were in Europe, Ripley had loaned the pole to his friend, Bell in turn loaded it onto an overnight train in Italy, went to sleep and woke up to find it gone.

Ripley had had a small role in the manufacture of the record-setting pole when he visited the Pacer factory in Carson City, Nev. late in January. A band denoting the pole's flexibility was being wrapped around it as Ripley watched. Now on that band, covered by a final layer of fiberglass, is Ripley's own printing are the words SPECIAL EDITION. Out where the West begins, that edition turned into a Saturday night special that stopped the Russian team cold in its track.



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The neatness of the place beats you over the head. Even the name connotes a lovingly groomed tidiness—Bowling Green. Townspeople probably say it in the morning instead of gargling. Bowling Green.

Bowling Green, Ohio is a college town. There are 16,000 students, 25,000 townspeople. The campus buildings are perfect rectangles, with evenly spaced windows, constructed of a tawny shade of brick, which is the color of the land in March, when it is bare. The rooftops are like the land, too—flat.

There are two streets in Bowling Green: Wooster and Main. There are other streets, of course, but hardly anyone goes to them without living on them. Along Wooster are franchises of every fast-food chain in the country, but even these seem to be neater than elsewhere, spaced more or less evenly and serviced by young people who smile just like they do on TV. The motels not only have Gideon Bibles at bedside, but they are also left open to the 23rd psalm. Honest. May the Lord maketh me to do jumping jacks in green pastures if I fib. There is heavy foot traffic on both Wooster and Main, students mostly. Being friendly, they walk in groups, and they, too, are neat and tidy.

This is no hockey town. Troy, N.Y.—now that is a hockey town. Buffalo. Sault Sainte Marie. Gray, sleety, unkempt places. Towns that are cold and rough and industrial, like the sport itself. But Bowling Green? Baseball, maybe. Or bowls. Yes, lawn bowls is the sport for a town that calls itself Bowling Green.

That is why the latest NCAA rankings, which place Bowling Green State University's hockey team No. 4 in the nation, may come as a shock to people. Even to people as nearby as Toledo, just 20 miles away, where the local paper, *The Blade*, virtually ignores the sport. This is football country. Basketball country. Wrestling country. Who wants to read about college hockey? No matter. Even if folks from the big city did get excited and decided to hop on the bandwagon, there would be nowhere to put them.

## Neatness counts for the Falcons

*The team from tidy little Bowling Green aims to sweep to the NCAA tournament*

To those who follow the sport, Bowling Green's emergence to the fore along with such hockey powerhouses as Boston University and the University of Minnesota is anything but a shock. Two years ago the Falcons were fifth in the nation; last year they were third, becoming the first team from the Central Collegiate Hockey Association to qualify for the NCAA tournament. This season, after starting with a 3-3 record, Bowling Green went 23 games without a loss and was No. 1 in the country for a time. The Falcons finished the regular season 33-5-2, outscoring their opponents by a staggering 247-97. The five losses—two in overtime—were by a total of six goals.

Last weekend, in the first round of the CCHA playoffs, the Falcons thumped Lake Superior State 12-2 and 6-1. This weekend they will seek their third successive conference title in a two-game, total-goals series against Ohio State. Bowling Green is 3-1 against the Buckeyes this season.

Should the Falcons retain the CCHA title, they will meet the second-place finisher in the Western Collegiate Hockey Association playoffs for the right to go to Detroit for the NCAA tournament March 22-24. No Bowling Green team has ever won an NCAA championship. Its 1972 indoor track team, led by Dave Wottle, finished second in the NCAA's, and there was a small-college football champion years ago, but a genuine NCAA Division I title has never been won. That may soon change.



*Defenceman Morrow is a strong pro prospect*

"Until we lost two of our defensemen, Pete Sikorski and Mike Cotter, to injuries, I think we were the team to beat," says Coach Ron Mason, the man who has generated all this misplaced interest in hockey. "We still have a great outside shot at it. We have a better than average skating team and don't give up many cheap goals. We have a good power play and good penalty killing. Ken Morrow's probably the best defenseman in the country, and I doubt there's a line anywhere much better than our No. 1 line of John Markell, George McPhee and Mark Wells. We have a good blend."

*continued*

Mason, who played his hockey at St. Lawrence, is low-keyed and tends toward understatement. He serves as a skating instructor for many NHL players during the summer, so it's little wonder that he has a superb skating team. His power play scored better than 30% of the time this season, while his penalty killers allowed opponents only 12% success.

Morrow, a mobile 6'4", 210-pound All-America from Flint, Mich., is an excellent pro prospect, while the Markell-Wells-McPhee line ranks among the highest scoring ever to play in Division I. They combined for 94 goals and 148 assists this season.

"My system is simple," says the mustachioed Mason, whose prematurely graying hair is parted in the middle and comes down to his shoulders—nothing around here looks as it should in hockey. "Each player has to be unselfish. We're not a dump-and-run team; we make them take the puck away from us. And we believe that stopping goals is easier than scoring them. We scored a lot of goals this weekend against Lake Superior, but to me the key was that they scored only three in the two games. That's how you win."

But Mason's system on the ice is not as masterful as his system for coming players from the hotbeds of Ontario and Michigan to come down and play in

Ohio. The Bowling Green program, now in its 10th year, has no tradition behind it, and the Ice Arena has dingy cinder-block walls and a low tin roof. "Look at this place. It's a dump, really," says Tom Jeffire, owner of Dino's Pizza Pub on Wooster Street—the team's wintering hole—and one of the few knowledgeable hockey fans in town, having worked for five years at the Detroit Olympia. "If Mason was selling Notre Dame, he'd never lose."

Mason disagrees. "The campus is neat and tidy," he says. "That appeals to recruits. They're not overwhelmed like they are at Notre Dame and Michigan. I can stand them in one spot and point out the dormitories, the rink, the football field, the golf course, the rec center. Neat and tidy."

That one spot is not the top of a hill, either. There certainly aren't any trees to block the view—part of the campus was a cornfield 15 years back—but the truth is, Michigan and Ontario are pretty flat, too. It reminds players of home. "People back in Flint still say, 'Bowling what?'" says Morrow, a fourth-round draft choice of the N.Y. Islanders in 1976. "But I liked the idea of being able to walk from one end of the campus to the other in a few minutes."

Another thing Morrow likes about the town is the fact that when he was ap-

prehended after running a stop sign recently, the officer let him off in return for an autograph for his nephew.

"This place has kept a friendly, small-school atmosphere despite having 16,000 students," says Athletic Director Jim Lessig. "Even the name connotes a small town—Bowling Green."

Of the school's three revenue-producing sports, hockey will show the biggest profit this year. "Winning is what sells the sport," says Lessig. "When they built the rink 10 years ago, people around here thought, 'My God, what a white elephant.' Now we're probably going to add a thousand more seats. I'm a little worried about that, though, because the greatest promotion in sports is to put up that SOLD OUT sign."

In all likelihood they could add 3,000 more seats to the 3,500 in the Ice Arena and still sell out the league finals against Ohio State, which qualified by beating Northern Michigan in the fourth overtime last Saturday night. "People will forget about their trips to Florida for this one," says winger Markell, who is Bowling Green's all-time leading scorer. "For people that don't know anything about hockey, they sure support you." Says Lessig, "Hockey fans are a little like skiers. Once they start, they get addicted."

One might wonder what they are addicted to. Led by a costumed, skating Falcon by the name of Freddie, and the redoubtable Bleacher Creatures, who wear ghoulsh rubber masks, Bowling Green fans cheer with an orchestration that is often more disciplined and applauded than the hockey. When the public-address system announces that an opponent is "back at full strength," the stadium erupts with "That's debatable!" in laudable unison. On Friday, when the Lake Superior team was being introduced, the entire Section A—all 500 strong—slipped newspapers from under their seats and began reading, commuter-style. But lest you think that the friendly, homey atmosphere of the town is being eroded by its love affair with hockey, let it be known that Section A has never so much as thrown an eel onto the ice.

No, it's going to be a while before college hockey drags the town of Bowling Green over the deep end. And if the Falcons should happen to go all the way this year, Bowling Green will become the first college hockey team to win 40 games in a season.

Forty. A neat and tidy number. **END**



Most of Bowling Green's "Bleacher Creatures" may wear ghoulsh masks, but they don't throw eels.

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## It's just not in the stars

Hubie Brown is on his feet and starting to speak. He may be smiling and charming, talking about his children or his wife's aunt, or his 74-year-old mother who talks with coaching advice from an Elizabeth, N.J. retirement home. Or he may be analyzing some facet of basketball as though it were quantum mechanics, choosing his words with professional precision. More likely he is playing the tough-talking son of a Jersey shipyard worker, which he is, peppering his speech with three profanities per sentence. Or maybe his emotions have consumed him and he is out of control, ranting at an official or a heckling fan, or screaming at his team so loudly and foully that even professional basketball players avert their eyes in embarrassment.

But whatever his mood or predilection of the moment, Brown is, first and foremost, the coach of the Atlanta Hawks. Few teams in the NBA are more clearly a reflection of the coaching philosophy of the man who directs them than the Hawks. And no NBA team is younger, more anonymous or more surprisingly successful. What Brown did last season—turning a 31–51 team into a 41–41 club that made the playoffs in his second year—earned him Coach of the Year honors. And this season's team is no different. With the exception of high-scoring John Drew, it is another collection of no-names—Armond Hill, Eddie Johnson, Dan Roundfield, Wayne (Tree) Rollins, Steve Hawes, Tom McMillen, Charles Criss, Terry Furlow, Jack Givens and

Ricky Wilson. Average age: 24.8. Average prior NBA experience: 1.9 years. Performance: astonishingly above average. By the end of last week, the Hawks (36–29) had won six straight and were battling Houston for second place in the Central Division.

As Atlanta's Director of Player Personnel Frank Layden says, "We've proved that you don't need stars to win."

Emphasizing that point is the fact that the Hawks turned down opportunities to trade for players like Bob McAdoo, Robert Parish and even former Hawk Pete Maravich. And last month Brown decided to trade the Hawks' No. 1 draft pick, Marquette's All-America Guard Butch Lee, to Cleveland. The Hawks got Furlow, who has yet to distinguish himself in 2½ pro seasons. But more important, Brown viewed the trade as a vote of confidence for Hill, the third-year floor leader from Princeton. "We work so hard,"

says Brown. "Guys have to win jobs here. I told Butch that he wasn't as good as Armond. Armond's my man. If Butch was going to beat him out, he had to do some playing." Brown repeated the words at a team meeting.

"He really paid me an honor," says Hill. "When he said those words in front of the team, it really made me feel like I had a special responsibility, like I could never let Hubie down."

"We can't stand those big egos," says Layden. "There's no place for them here."

*Hubie Brown's no-names have Atlanta's reconstruction effort right on target*

With the possible exception of Hubie Brown's.

Brown appeals to his players' emotions. He rants and raves, and struts and frets, but he makes them believe that it is all for their benefit. "Hubie's whole life revolves around his goal," says McMillen. "If he is progressing toward it, he is happy. He puts..." *(continued)*



*Brown is part teacher and part preacher and—at times—he's been a screamer*





Brown's voice of confidence has Hill climbing

everything into it. It's like standing at the edge of a cliff. You only have one way to go. Playing for Hubie is like working under a five-year plan."

Before last season, few people expected the Hawks to win more than 30 games. "Someone wrote that they should paint an 'X' on top of the Omni because we were a Red Cross center," says Brown. He said to his players, "I called the commissioner and asked him to postpone the season, but he wouldn't. As long as we have to show up, this is how we'll play: we're not going to lose by 20, we're going to lose by 10; and some nights when we're down by 10, we'll call time out with two seconds and lose by eight."

His instructions to the players always take the form of simple, easy-to-remember, step-by-step methods. He also makes heavy use of motivational slogans. Some are original, with slightly misused words, such as, "A team that executes under pressure dictates the notoriety of the coach."

Brown is often regarded by fans as a

raving martinet, and he is disliked by many of his fellow coaches who feel that he flaunts his up-by-the-bootstraps struggle through the coaching ranks. His practices are as grueling as any in the league, as are his demands on his players, yet they remain loyal to him. "He hollers a lot," says Hill, "but you can appreciate a coach who works as hard as you do." When Brown sees something he doesn't like, he screams a simple "Hey!" and 11 players instantly freeze and allow Brown all the time he needs to compose his thoughts and loud up for a salvo of foul language.

In a game against Phoenix, when Hill was being beaten consistently by Don Buse, Brown shouted loud enough for 12,000 people in the Omni to hear. "Come on, Armond. Get out of the fog!" During the heated third quarter of that game, Brown stood up, turned to the crowd and loudly cursed a heckling fan.

"When we're winning, everything is great," says McMillen. "But when we're losing, Hubie gets tougher and tougher. He doesn't want his players to feel comfortable losing, so he makes it so uncomfortable for you that you go all out to win, just to relieve that tension."

At the Hawks' first meeting this season, Brown wrote in a bold hand on a chalkboard, CREEP + CRAWL = WALK. "This is our theme for this season," he says. "Last year we crept. Now we're crawling. Next comes consistency. We walk. If we make the playoffs twice in a row, they'll start talking about us."

So structured is Brown's coaching that even his substitutions are prearranged and dictated by the clock in each quarter. Ten players play in every quarter, which not only keeps everyone fresh and happy, but also develops the Hawks' young talent. "When you have a team of babies," says Brown, "everyone must get a chance to grow." Guard Eddie Johnson, for instance, who came unheralded out of Auburn last year as a third-round draft choice with a funny-looking jump shot and decent quickness, developed into a 50% shooter, 16-point scorer and one of the team's best players. Of course the pattern of substitutions can change depending on circumstances, such as fouls, in which the Hawks lead the NBA. But as Washington Coach Dick Motta recently pointed out about the scrappy Hawks, "They make good use of all 12 fouls at every position."

One of Brown's immutable rules is: "If

you don't do your job, even for 10 seconds, you're out of there." The one player for whom exceptions are sometimes made is Drew, the gifted forward who averages 23.4 points, eighth best in the league, while playing only 30 minutes a game. Brown is willing to overlook Drew's defensive liabilities up to a point, but the coach rides him and appeals to him on more human terms. "These guys work so hard to get you free," Brown tells him, "you owe it to them to work as hard at the other end."

If Drew could play defense, the Hawks would be even better than they were two weeks ago when they held Phoenix to a 27-point second half and outscored the Suns 40-15 in the final 15 minutes.

As it is, Atlanta's defense looks very much like a zone, because Brown's fundamental objective is to trap the ball handler, then put two defenders on the ball and force it inside where the shot blockers roam. How Brown loves shot blockers! In Rollins—with his 42" legs, 77" wingspan and 9' 6" vertical reach—and Roundfield, the league's best 6' 8" leaper, the Hawks have two of the best. In a recent game, against Portland, Rollins stopped a dozen shots, simply snatching three or four out of midair with one enormous hand. Blocked shots, of course, generate fast breaks, which the Hawks, one of the league's worst shooting teams, need desperately in order to win.

In fact, like everything else, Brown has broken down "winning" into its components, so that the players need not trouble themselves with abstract concepts. Brown has figured that to win, the Hawks need 32 fast breaks a game and must score on at least 50% of them. Because the Hawks aren't a good rebounding team, Brown uses his players to block shots, and to force more turnovers than they commit. They have done the latter in 48 of their 65 games. Because they shoot only 48%, Brown has invented a game within a game, which he calls the garbage game—it consists of second shots and foul-shooting accuracy. If the Hawks win the offensive boards and shoot more accurately from the line, and get their 16 successful fast breaks, they are more likely to win.

If Brown is running a five-year plan, he is on schedule. "We've been struggling for three years," he says. "We're so young. I just want us to get that consistency. I want to prove that we're for real. It would mean so much."



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The side of his truck says it all. Chuck Strange and his trusted bodyguard Sommer Shadowe are ready, willing and—between hospital stays—able to crash through burning walls and leap 18 cars in a single bound

by KIM CHAPIN

# Stunt

CONTINUED



*The highlight of Strange's career, at least in terms of getting attention—and that's what the truck-flying business is about—was this catastrophic ride in the Astrodome. Things looked fine until his pickup started to yaw because of a broken part...*



**C**huck Strange, who flies pickup trucks ramp to ramp for a living—most of the time—is very nervous. This is understandable, for it is now nine months since The Accident and Strange is sitting in the examination room of an orthopedic surgeon who is about to pass judgment on his career.

Strange sports a beard and scruffy shoulder-length hair. He wears sunglasses to protect his eyes, which are photosensitive. He is dressed in a white shirt, a leather vest and a pair of white embroidered pants. All of this, plus his slight potbelly, gives him the hangdog look of a somewhat down-at-the-heels rock musician. Strange would look mightily out of place in the orderly stacks of *National Geographies* of a doctor's office except for the fact that in Riverside, Calif., where he is living right now, and in

Southern California, there are few surprises. Ever.

Both of Strange's forearms were shattered in The Accident and have been held together these many months by a medically interesting combination of three plates, 18 screws and one very long pin. This heavy metal must be removed, and the bones allowed to continue knitting on their own before Strange can resume flying, because if he were to crash now his arms would most likely collapse in an irreparable confusion of stainless steel and flesh. The question of the moment is whether the bones, especially the one in which the pin is encased, have healed sufficiently for the metal to be taken out.

The doctor, who except for a persistent blink seems to be an O.K. sort of guy, enters the examination room with a set of X rays and wastes no time. He

throws an orthopedic fastball, high and inside. A smoker.

"The one bone isn't healed enough," he says. "If I took out that pin the bone would fall apart. You'd better not count on flying for another year."

Strange becomes visibly distraught at this news. He argues desperately. "I'm not blaming you, Doc," he says. "but two years is a lot out of a career that's just getting started."

"I know, but you were very seriously injured." Blink.

"You can't operate?"

"You want me to lie or sell you the truth?"

"I think I knew what you were going to say," says Strange. "I guess I wanted you to sugarcoat it."

The doctor blinks again. "I don't work that way," he says, and walks out of the room.

A yellow haze fills the sky as Strange walks quickly across the doctor's parking lot to his pickup, which he calls Star Truck. He turns to Sommer Shadoe, his friend, bodyguard and companion, and tells her the bad news. Sommer Shadoe is a lithe, stark beauty with a butterfly tattoo on her left breast and a bumblebee tattoo on her right hip.

As they drive off, Shadoe quietly begins to cry.

"Awww, don't do that," says Strange.  
 "Let's see a smile."  
 Shadoc smiles.  
 "A bigger one."  
 "No."  
 They drive along in silence.  
 "I think I want to go out tonight and get skunked," says Shadoc.  
 More driving; more silence.  
 "I'm going to wake up in the middle of the night one night and give a loud

flying at about 50 mph after taking off from a ramp pitched precisely 17 degrees, cleared 18 budded Datsuns—a span of 98 feet. His flight, actually covering 107 feet, was slightly off-center, which almost made him miss the landing ramp entirely. As Strange says of his brutal touchdown, "I broke my rear end and the truck's, both."

Still, by the standards of the profession, it was a clean flight. "I've never real-

ly had a ho-hum jump," Strange says. "The fans think I've crashed even if I haven't."

The Houston jump was billed as the centerpiece of the 12th Annual Astro-dome Thrill Show, which is to daredevilry what a heavyweight-title fight is to boxing. It was planned as a routine flight. Strange would attempt to clear just 16 cars provided by A. J. Foyt, a noted local Chevrolet dealer.

*continued*



... then as it fell short of the landing ramp, the roof also fell in. And so did the windshield and just about everything else. Strange somehow survived, which is more than can be said for his truck—or the last dats in line.

scream," says Strange. "Then I'll be all right."

So Chuck Strange is on the beach, which is where a lot of people think somebody who is crazy enough to jump from one ramp to another in a pickup truck belongs permanently. Obviously, Strange is not among them, nor were the 59,000 people who congregated in the Astrodome on the night of Jan. 13, 1978—a Friday—to see him "Do It in the Dome."

Two months earlier, at the Ontario Motor Speedway, Strange had set a world record for a ramp-to-ramp flight by a pickup truck. The jump was seen by more than 65,000 Californians who had come to watch a NASCAR stock-car race. But before Neil Bonnett would win the Los Angeles Times 500 by driving his Dodge at an average speed of 128.296 mph, Strange and his Star Truck,



The only hitch was that the Dome's sunken arena floor was not nearly big enough for Strange to make a straight and level approach. He had to begin his run in a parking lot at ground level, build speed as he drove 19 feet down a three-tiered service ramp to the Dome's floor, and then aim Star Truck at the takeoff ramp. He did this several times in practice, without incident.

Strange always makes one false pass at the takeoff ramp; that's show biz. On the night of Friday the 13th he

the cars—or at least the gap represented by 16 cars, as some soul far more cautious than Strange had seen to it that they weren't placed directly under his proposed flight path but slightly to one side—but Star Truck came in low on the glide path and slammed into the back side of the landing ramp. The impact broke one of Strange's ribs, bruised a kidney, dislocated his elbows and shattered his forearms. The landing ramp's five-foot safety deck splintered Star Truck's windshield and broke Strange's nose.

have to touch my pants. My legs weren't hurt. I remember the lights in the operating room and the doctor saying, 'Boy, is he messed up. He's going to be in here a long time.' That's about it until the next day."

The next day, Strange was all over page one of the *Houston Chronicle*; the news that Hubert Humphrey had just died received far less front-page notice.

Strange had seven major operations over the next four weeks, most of them to implant the metal that would hold his



While his arms mend, Chuck and Sommer work on an act in which he drives a truck on two wheels. He goes to go 12 miles that way.

made three. Star Truck was misfiring.

When Strange bounced down to the arena floor the fourth time, Star Truck bottomed out, sending up a shower of sparks from beneath the pickup bed. At that point, however, Strange felt nothing was seriously amiss. His speed was good and he was determined to go—in his words, "I wanted to nail the sucker." He didn't know that the jolt had peeled back a steel shield beneath Star Truck's right front A-arm (a suspension part that more or less connects the wheel with the chassis). When Strange reached the top of his takeoff ramp, the bent shield dug in. A split second after Star Truck took flight, it began to yaw to the right.

Strange almost made it. He cleared all

Star Truck settled back on top of the 16th car, a brand new 1978 Chevrolet Monza that despite its cautious positioning was not far enough out of harm's way.

The Dome was silent. It took 30 minutes for a paramedic team to extricate Strange from the wreckage. He remained conscious during the short trip to Hermann Hospital, which was a good thing because he was able to tell the doctors that he didn't have any internal injuries—their primary concern—and that they could get right to work on his arms.

"I remember the feeling of the warm blood—my blood—and seeing the bones sticking out," he says. "I remember I got mad when a nurse cut off my leathers. They had to cut my jacket but they didn't

arms together for so many months. (And confuse airport weapons detectors. "It's inside my arms," Strange had to keep telling skeptical security guards. "The metal's in my arms!") During his second week at Hermann he signed a promissory note to ensure his stay in the hospital. He did this by weakly grasping a pen with his left hand and, because his arms were immobile, having a nurse move the clipboard, to which the note was attached, up against the pen in an X pattern.

The doctors all agreed that by rights Strange should have been killed. It was the third time in his short violent career that Strange had heard that remark.

Chuck Strange was born in Los Angeles, Calif. 28 years ago under the name

continued



amable  
dances  
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*Weekends  
were made  
for Michelob.*

BEER



Charles Othon and grew up in Phoenix with an overwhelming urge to be different. At South Mountain High School, he was a smart but highly selective student. "I was good—dynamite—in what I wanted to be good at," he says. "The rest, I just didn't care. It was mostly music, girls and cars."

He played lead guitar in three local rock bands, The Knightkaps, US (for "Universal Sound") and Twentieth Century Zoo. He drove to school in an old, immaculate limousine. One day during lunch hour he drove down a dirt road on South Mountain (the mountain, not the high school) and missed a turn, and wondered why. He later tried the turn again, slowly, and made it. He got to the point where he felt comfortable when the car's rear end broke loose, and in time he was taking the turn at a far greater speed than that at which he had crashed. He graduated to putting the two right side tires of his limo up on a curb and seeing how far he could ride the curb. "It's not as easy as it sounds," he says. "All those driveways, curves... it's tough." He'd see how many telephone poles he could clip with the right side of his rear bumper, listening for that pleasant ping... ping and going back to check the nicks in the poles just to make sure. "Then I might go slam a garbage can just for the hell of it," he adds.

Oversimplifying put, for whatever psychological reasons, Chuck Othon grew up fascinated by the sound of grinding metal. "I love a good crash," he says. Especially, it seems, one in which he is involved.

If there is such a thing as a demolition-derby natural, Chuck Othon was it, and after his release from high school he advanced the state of that dubious art to unimaginable heights. During one stretch, he won something like 19 of 23 derbies in Arizona, New Mexico and California, and even formed his own demo derby team, which, just because he wanted to be different, he called the Strange Racing Team. One night a sign painter was supposed to paint on the side of his junker, to indicate its driver and his affiliation:

CHUCK STRANGE RACING TEAM

But the painter got the spacing all wrong and the sign came out:

CHUCK STRANGE RACING TEAM

Chuck Othon was annoyed at first, but the public-address announcers had a field day. "Hey, look at that strange Chuck Strange, will you," they'd say. "He's really doing some strange things out there."

By this happenstance did Chuck Othon acquire a stage name. All he needed was an act.

In his first years as a stunt driver, Strange did the usual daredevil stuff you can still see at any middling-sized coun-

ty fair. He would call a promoter, wrangle for a while over his cut of the gate, then arrange to have four junkers waiting at the track, and he'd do spins and crashes and sideswipes—the basics—for as long as the cars would hold out, which usually wasn't very long. His finale was the "Wall of Fire," an act devised by Lucky Teter, the godfather of all stunt drivers. For this number Strange would have to find somebody willing to strap himself to the hood of the last drivable car while he crashed it through a flaming plywood barrier. Usually the stunt was harder on the driver than it was on the rider, because when the car splintered the wall, the flaming debris often flew back into the driver's face. (For safety's sake, windshields are taken out.) But sometimes Strange's last car would have maybe two flat tires and be missing so badly that it would barely get up enough steam to break the barrier; in which case the unfortunate rider often got more heat than he had bargained for.

On Jan. 5, 1975, in Yuma, Ariz., Strange decided it was time to get serious. He proposed to fly a car over 12 other cars, a distance of approximately 85 feet—from a takeoff ramp to the ground. This was a jump nobody had ever tried before, Strange claims, at least not one of that magnitude. Ramp stunts had always been from ramp to ramp, or from a ramp onto a bed of parked cars—anything to cushion the landing. But what he set out to do was fall 30 or so feet out of the sky directly onto the hard, unyielding earth. "The stunt was really impossible," he says. Now.

The venue was a quarter-mile dirt racetrack. He took three warmup laps, broadsiding through the turns in true stock-car fashion to build his speed, and then he went for it. Well, his speed was all right, but he had calculated the angle of the takeoff ramp—34 degrees—pretty much by trial and error. Only there had been no trial. When Strange took off, his car did a mid-ramp wheelstand. The car landed on its rear end, its nose still pointed to the heavens. Strange later figured he had achieved an altitude of 40 feet and flown a distance of 116 feet. He claims that both are world records for a ramp-to-ground jump by a car, and he plans to petition the Guinness Book of Records about them one of these days. He got out of the car and collapsed. He

*continued*



*If Strange's job is flying trucks, his hobby is recuperating, which Summer's potatoes make tolerable*

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was suffering from several broken ribs and a broken back. It was his first "fatal," and he was paralyzed from the waist down for three months.

"There's no reason I shouldn't have jammed my spine right into my head," he says.

Despite Strange's temporary paralysis, he was unwilling to accept the fact that a ramp-to-ground jump in a car is tantamount to suicide, and he scheduled another one as soon as he could. This time he planned to fly over 18 Porsches at the Phoenix Fairgrounds. Fortunately, nobody much showed up and he canceled his flight.

"If I had jumped that day, there is no doubt in my mind that I would have died," says Strange, adopting the same fatalistic hyperbole that Evel Knievel developed into a highly commercial art form.

It is an ongoing and unfortunate irony of the stunt-driving business that a daredevil's act appears difficult only when he messes up. In fact, it can be argued that an act loses its appeal in direct proportion to how well it is performed. As Strange candidly admits, "You've got to near kill yourself or people don't pay no attention."

He realized it was not enough to do what others had done before him, even if he did it better. Ramp-to-ramp acts in cars and on motorcycles were becoming commonplace, and he wondered what was left. Trucks, he decided. Pickup trucks.

In late 1975 he approached a Phoenix Chevrolet dealer named Buzz Sands, whom Strange fondly calls the ugliest Chevy dealer in the country, with his idea. Sands agreed to supply the trucks, and on June 18, 1976—Strange's 26th birthday—he made what he claims was the first planned pickup flight ever. The jump was performed at the Phoenix Dragway, and although he had finally gotten the angle of his takeoff ramp squared away, he still hadn't quite mastered the landing. He broke his left heel, a few more ribs, dislocated his elbows and got stung by a bee. This was his second "fatal." He was paid exactly \$600.

Still, it was all worthwhile. "I had finally found something," he says. "It was new and unique, and I was the first."

Chuck Strange had his act.

A secondary reason for that particular

jump was to get the thing photographed so he could provide hard evidence of what he was up to for the benefit of wary promoters who didn't quite believe that it could be done. He remembers one telephone call in particular, to a promoter in the South, in which dialect proved to be a great obstacle to his obtaining a booking:

Strange: Do you want a pickup jump?

Promoter: We got somebody to pick up your junk.

Strange: No, no, A pickup jump.

Promoter [pause]: Well, how much do you charge?

Strange: Oh, about two, uh, three thousand.

Promoter [long pause]: Damn, we got somebody to pick up junk for a lot less than that. Sometimes for nothing, just so he can sell it.

But after the Phoenix Dragway show, promoters who did not confuse jump with junk started calling Strange, and during the next 18 months he made about 45 flights, all of which were more or less successful. By the time of the Astrodome show, he felt confident that at last his career was firmly in the ascendancy.

Late in 1976 Strange moved to Huntington Beach, Calif., and not long after that he met the future Sommer Shadoo. He turned up in Riverside one afternoon to destroy a Maverick as part of a promotion for a Ford dealership. Part of his act at such events was to hire as his "bodyguards" one or two attractive, scantily clad women he would pick out from the audience. His choice that particular day was a blonde by the name of Judy Jensen, who sold cars for the dealership. They hit it off immediately, and once she settled on her new name (which can be pronounced "Shadow" or "Shadoo," your choice), she became a permanent part of his show.

Sommer Shadoo is a 24-year-old native of Southern California, something of a loner, and divorced. (Strange has been divorced three times, and—by one of his former wives—has a daughter whom he has never seen.) She also has an unpredictable crazy streak that many find delightful. Among other things, Sommer Shadoo is an avowed nudist—she was a semifinalist in the 1978 Miss Nude California pageant—and in restaurants she has been known to calmly eat dinner through a slit in a napkin she has

tied over her face. Either that or flash her buttocks.

"I am an exhibitionist," she says. "Chuck probably won't admit it, but he is, too. We want to be remembered."

Strange is something of a daredevil historian. He can recite the accomplishments of the great stuntmen from Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin (remember those car-vs.-locomotive races to a railroad crossing and the walls of houses collapsing but the comic star is unharmed because there is an open window where he is standing?) to moderns such as stunt pilot Dale Van Sickel and, of course, Knievel.

For better or worse, Knievel is the premier daredevil showman of our time (which is not to say he is the best, only the most visible). This is a title Strange passionately seeks to claim for himself. In many ways the two men are very much alike, from their raucous personal lives and their flair for the dramatic to their afflictions. At one time Strange took to using a gentleman's walking stick, the kind with a dagger concealed in its handle, until he found out that Knievel had one, too. Strange threw his away.

Although Knievel's career is an eclipse following his Snake River fiasco in 1974 and his later incarceration for taking a baseball bat to his biographer, to Strange it seems logical and inevitable that the two should meet in head-to-head combat. He has challenged Knievel to a \$1 million jumpoff—the young pretender vs. the old king: Strange in his pickup and Knievel on his motorcycle—with each man anteing up half the pot. They would begin with something easy, like 12 cars, and after each jump the distance would be increased by two cars, until one or the other crashes or backs down. So far, Knievel has declined.

Says Strange, "I call him 'Evel Sommer,' because he puts me to sleep, and 'The Montana Bismouth.' I admire him to the extent that he did create something—he was the first great bike jumper—and he did it on his own. But he's blown it so many times, and that's the sad part. The man has lost his nerve. The challenge would be good for both of us, though. He deserves to be back."

For the moment, however, the Knievel challenge and nearly everything else in Chuck Strange's life is very much *up*.

continued

in the air. He is at the crossroads. Should he seek a second medical opinion on his shattered arms? Or pop calcium tablets in an effort to speed their healing? Should he put together a new show, one that doesn't involve quite so much potential crashing? He is, in fact, working on doing wheelies in his pickup. Not those things you see at drag races where the car rears up on its back tires and roars down the track like a duck trying to take off. Oh no, Strange rides with the right side wheels of his immaculate pickup high up off the ground, with Shadoo, clad in a cape and knee-high boots and precious little else, standing in the truck bed. His goal is to ride 12 miles this way, which he claims would be another world's record. But he admits, "It's a \$2 act." Or should he announce he will make a comeback at the Astrodome in January of 1980 and just spend the rest of this year promoting that?

"I'm going to have to do something."

he says. "It's going to be hard to keep me down. I just can't go home and lick my wounds for another year."

Even if he is never able to fly again, Strange feels his place in stunt-driving history is secure. "I think I'll be in a book of daredevils, if any is ever written," he says. "I think I have contributed."

Strange also understands that his future success depends as much on his ability to keep himself in the public eye during his present prolonged convalescence as it does on the spectacular nature of the stunts he is willing to perform. To this end, he keeps his phone lines humming to every journalistic enterprise he can think of, from specialty magazines such as *Truckin'* Magazine and *AutoWeek* to the *Los Angeles Times*, *CBS*, and yes, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. He asks every reporter who happens by, "How can I get into *Us*? Who do you call at *Esquire*? Would *People* or *Life* be interested?"

And he plans his grand finales, all three of them.

In the first, he will fly a pickup truck ramp to ramp across 40 cars, a distance of 200 feet. "I want to jump so damn many cars that nobody will break my records," he says.

In the second, he will fly ramp to ramp, not in a car, not in a pickup, not on a motorcycle, but in an 18-wheel truck. "It is possible," he says.

In the third... well, the absolutely last thing that he will ever do is the Sky Crash. In the Sky Crash, he will take off from one ramp at the same time that another pickup, which he will operate by remote control, takes off from an opposite ramp. The two pickups will meet head on halfway between, 25 feet above the ground... and then they will fall to earth.

Chuck Strange is in a great rush to get these things over with. He is no fool. He is well aware of what has already happened to him and what could happen to

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him. Until his disaster in the Dome, his goal was to retire from stunt driving before he turned 30.

"To think that I might have to be in this business when I'm 35 just gives me the shivers," he says. "I love it, but I can't wait to get out. I don't want to be a martyr. I don't like pain. If I didn't believe I could really be big, I'd stop in a minute. I'm not going to bust myself up for nothing."

And he tells the story of the death of Lucky Teter, the legendary stunt driver who stayed around too long.

"He jumped ramp to ramp in a car for a thrill show," Strange says. "He was one of the greats, but he was getting old and there were younger stunt drivers nipping at him. This one night—it was in 1942—at the Indiana State Fairgrounds, he knew the boss of the show was going to fire him, and so he deliberately overshot his landing ramp. He crashed upside down and was decapitated."

It is the night of the day that Strange has gotten his bad news; the night Shadoe has threatened to get skunked. But she is behaving herself, drinking unusual drinks of her own devising as she and Strange sit in Rueben's, a Riverside lounge where a duo is playing country and western much too loudly. Rueben's is tastefully decorated with oil paintings, earthenware and books—all of which are either nailed, screwed or glued down.

Their waitress is an aging blonde surfer type named Ora, who giggles hysterically at the slightest provocation.

Strange is trying to identify himself to her.

"Did you read the *Riverside Press* about two weeks ago?" he asks. "I had a picture and a story."

"I just started subscribing," says Ora.

"Do you read *AutoWeek*? I had two pages in there the last issue."

"Uh, no."

"You remember Ontario last Novem-

ber? The guy who jumped 18 cars? It got a lot of publicity around here."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Do you remember the crash at the Astrodome last winter? That's me. I'm the guy."

"Oh, now I remember," says Ora, giving an exaggerated wink to Shadoe that indicates she really doesn't. Shadoe has to bite her lip to keep from falling on the floor laughing. "Do you do those wheelies like they did in that movie *The Gumball Rally*?"

"Yeah," says Chuck, glumly.

"I did that once, too, in a Porsche," Ora giggles. "Only I kept it going and landed on the roof. Then I did the same thing in a jeep in my uncle's orange grove."

"Yeah?" says Chuck, even more glumly than before.

"Yeah. ... Hey, my son is 10 years old. I bet he knows about you. He likes weird things."

END

# NOSTALGIA

by LOWELL COHN

## OUT OF THE PAST RIDES THE CLUNKY, FAT, LOVABLE BALLOON-TIRE BICYCLE

Shortly after he returned from Vietnam in 1968, Leon Dixon wandered into the garage of his Detroit home and discovered the stubby, black and red J. C. Higgins balloon-tire bicycle he had ridden as a kid. Although it had two flat tires, was coated with rust and missing at least half a dozen parts, all Dixon saw was its former beauty. On the spot, he determined to restore it to perfect condition. Today, the 31-year-old Dixon has 13 fully restored balloon-tire bicycles and parts for about 30 more spilling out of his house in Huntington Beach, Calif.

A few years ago, Gary Wm. Koehler was walking across the campus of Sonoma State College north of San Francisco when he spotted a spray-painted, 1938 Coburn balloon-tire bike parked in a rack. "I was fascinated by its lines," he recalls. "Its big, bulbous look matched the designs of old cars like Packards and Hudsons. I bought it for \$50 and restored it." Today, the 25-year-old Koehler has a collection of restored bikes worth an estimated \$7,500.

Dixon and Koehler are typical of a growing number of cyclists who are trying to unsully the reputation of the oft-maligned 50-pound behemoth, which ruled the road until its underfed European cousin crowded it out of the market. The one-speed balloon-tire bike—bloated whitewall tires, pedal brakes, steerhorn handlebars, wide seats, rear carrier racks, pan-striping and plenty of chrome—was introduced by Schwinn in 1933 to stimulate the depressed bike industry. Other manufacturers quickly followed suit. The fat look flourished through the '30s, but began to flug in the face of competition from faster, lighter imports. By 1963 so few balloon-tire bikes were sold that even Schwinn had given up on them.

However, they are now making a comeback in the beach towns south of Los Angeles. Larry Mc Neely, owner of Recycled Cycles in Huntington Beach, sells 20 or 30 old balloon-tire bikes a month, and Gertrude Vorgang of the

Pedal Pusher in Newport Beach does a booming business in parts. "I got tired of the sand from the beach freezing the gears on my 10-speed and the salt rusting them out," Mc Neely says. "The balloon-tire bike is so basic, hardly anything can go wrong on it. If you hit a curb on a 10-speed, it gets wiped out. A balloon-tire bike keeps on going. It's like a tank." Indeed, interest in balloon-tire bikes is growing so quickly that Dixon recently started a newsletter, *Classic Bicycle and Whizzer News* (the Whizzer Company made motors for balloon-tire bikes through 1952). He already has subscribers from as far away as New York, Sweden and Venezuela.

Generally marketed for children, balloon-tire bikes were designed to suggest fun and escape instead of serious exercise. They had features that were borrowed from motorcycles (many had horns shaped like motorcycle gas tanks) and cars (one expert claims the Schwinn Black Phantom headlight is identical to the parking light on a '39 Dodge). Girls' bikes had romantic names like the Debutante, the Starlette and the Hollywood, and were painted in "luscious lavender," "windwept green" and "summer cloud white." Shelby even made a Donald Duck bike with Donald's head mounted on the front. Donald's eyes were the headlights, and the horn quacked. Roll-fast marketed a Hopalong Cassidy model with two "Hoppy" pistols, while Monark's Gene Autry entry had a horse's head on the front fork.

Despite the whimsy associated with balloon-tire bikes, restoring them is serious business. A fully restored 1951 Schwinn Black Phantom, the Roll-Royce of balloon-tire bikes with its chrome fenders, speedometer, built-in keylock, front spring shock absorber and weight of almost 60 pounds, goes for nearly \$1,200. It originally cost under \$100. Other models in mint condition regularly change hands for \$500 and \$600. The reasons are simple: restoration is time-consuming and parts are scarce. In order to convert their bikes into fast, lightweight hot rods, kids discarded the heavy chrome fenders, cumbersome horn tanks and chain guards. Because a restored bike's value depends on authenticity, collectors have become the ultimate scroungers. Dixon, for instance, searched three years before coming up with the right chrome bumperettes for the seat of his Black Phantom. Koehler

scoured the country to find an original Schwinn key for the lock on his Phantom. But Mc Neely really hit the jackpot. Last August he got an inside tip that a bike retailer just eight blocks from the Schwinn plant in Chicago had died leaving a collection of bikes and parts dating from 1920. "It was like an elephants' graveyard," Mc Neely says. "There were 20 brand-new bikes from the '30s. There were unused front fenders for Autocycles (1938), crates of pedals, frames, handlebars, enough for hundreds of bikes. I hired a 40-foot moving van, filled it till it almost burst, and drove all the stuff back to California."

With parts so hard to come by, extras command impressive prices, if in good shape. A 1934 Schwinn horn-and-tank unit sells for \$70. Some original Schwinn seats are worth upward of \$100. Vorgang has a glass fender ornament from a 1938 Schwinn Autocycle that is so rare she refuses to price it. Recently Dixon was so elated to come upon the faded burgundy rear rack and matching fender of a 1948 Roadmaster Deluxe that he was moved to say, "It's too much to dream that I would find it. Now I just need the fork."

The increased interest in balloon-tire bikes has not been lost on bicycle manufacturers. Since 1975, LRV Industries of South El Monte, Calif. has been marketing a throwback known as the Regular Old Bike and expects to sell 10,000 in 1979. The ROB, which sells for \$125, is a stripped-down "cruiser" (no fenders, horn tank or rear rack) based on a '30s model. Even Schwinn is getting into the act. Two years ago it introduced an updated version of its discontinued Spitfire, which sells for \$134.95 in a one-speed, pedal-brake model. Schwinn expects to sell 25,000 in 1979.

There is little danger that balloon-tire bikes will replace 10-speeds. But according to Mc Neely, "They will find a niche as a five-mile-radius bike on flat terrain for riders who prefer comfort to speed." With its large, low-pressure tires, which act as shock absorbers, and its more substantial frame, the balloon-tire bike is to a 10-speed what an old Chevy is to a Lotus Esprit. Cyclists disenchanted with balancing on a 10-speed's narrow racing saddle while hunched over the handlebars will appreciate the balloon-tire bike's wide seat and upright riding position. As one recent convert explained, "If I wanted to stare at concrete, I could stay home and look at the driveway." END



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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 26-March 4

**PRO BASKETBALL**—Los Angeles took over the top spot in the Pacific Division after stunning Seattle faced by Jamal Wilkes, Adrian Dantley and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, who scored 71, 75 and 46 points, respectively, the Lakers beat Indiana 118-103. Philadelphia (126-111) and Milwaukee (109-100) defeated Kansas City 123-114. The Kings, who were 1-3, also dropped a 127-108 decision to San Diego, which ran its winning streak to eight. The Clippers' string was broken when they lost 111-108 to the Knicks in New York, despite a 34-point effort from Lloyd Henson, the league's No. 2 scorer with a 28.6 average. Atlanta stretched its victory streak to six games with a 119-101 win over Chicago (page 65). Earlier the Hawks got 30 points from John Derry in a 127-111 defeat of Houston and 32 from Dan Raudon in a 134-86 romping of Golden State. San Antonio, which leads Houston and Atlanta in the Central Division by 26 games, edged Kansas City 125-123 in overtime for its eighth win in its last 16 starts. In that game, the Spurs' James Jones pumped in 31 points. Larry Kenon 32 and George Gervin 30. Gervin, who also led for more than 30 in San Antonio's two other victories, has scored more than 20 points in 37 consecutive games. Led by Elvin Hayes, who has scored more than 20 in four of his last five outings, Washington won 2-0 and advanced to Atlantic Division leader Philadelphia to-night games.

**BOWLING**—ROY BUCKLEY defeated Craig Mueller 215-213 to win a \$100,000 PBA tournament in Maun-

**GOLF**—BOB EYMAN picked up his first PGA victory by getting a par 4 on the second extra hole to win the \$75,000 Ray Hill Club Classic on Catalina, Fla. From John Schroeder. They finished regulation play at 278, one under par (page 66).

**JANE BALLOCK** shot an 11 under-par 203 to win the run-away \$75,000 Orange Blossom Classic in St. Petersburg, Fla. by six strokes over Sandra Post.

**SALLY LITTLE** shot a 16 under-par 278 to win the \$100,000 Best Time Classic in Sarasota, Fla. by two strokes over Nancy Lipp.

**HOCKEY**—NHL. The Islanders had an erratic week that began with a 3-2 loss to the Rangers, who held them without a shot in the second period and allowed only 16 minutes game. The Rangers, however, lost, their leading scorer, Center Lou Nelson, for the remainder of the season when he suffered a fractured ankle late in the first period. Two nights later the Islanders bounced back with a 3-3 split of Montreal. Clark Gillies had a hat trick, Mike Bossy added four

assists and Billy Smith was superb in the net, stopping 58 shots. Guy Lafleur of the Canadiens had an assist in that game to become the first player in the league this year to get 100 points. The Islanders, who lead the Patrick Division by 14 points over the Rangers and Atlanta, finished the week by splitting a pair of games with the Flames. Norm Macdonald led Montreal also with 2-3. After an 8-5 win over Washington, in which eight different Canadiens scored, and the loss to the Islanders, Montreal surprised Toronto 2-1 and was beaten by Detroit 5-1. Earlier the Red Wings handed Colorado its 10th consecutive defeat, by a score of 8-1, and lost 5-3 to St. Louis, despite Victor Stastny's second straight hat trick. The Rockies ended their skid with a 4-2 victory over Adams Division leader Boston, which later gave up three goals in 10 seconds in a 4-8 loss with Philadelphia. Following two top ends at home, San Jose's Devine leader Chicago dropped an 8-5 decision to Los Angeles in Miami. Detroit scored three times for the Kings.

**WHA**—Edmonton, which has won 12 of its last 13 games, opened up a five-point lead. After knocking off Philadelphia 5-4 and taking its 1-7 to with second place New England. The Oilers beat California 5-2 and 5-4. In the last of those games, Edmonton's Ben Chappell had a hat trick, and Dave Dryden, who has been on the bench for 31 of the Oilers' 71 victories, picked up the win. Dryden, whose brother Ken had the NHL with a 7.7 goals-against average, is tops in the WHA with a 7.7 average.

**HORSE RACING**—AFFIRMED (\$440), ridden by Laffie Pincus Jr., won the \$12,200 Santa Anita Handicap for 4-year-olds and up by 4½ lengths over Tidel. He covered the 1¼ miles in a track record 1:58.

**NOBLE DANCER II** (\$780), Jacinto Vasquez up, won the \$10,000 Pan American Handicap at Gulfstream by three lengths over First Star. The 3-year-old was timed in 1:25 for the 10 furlongs.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—Canada's GILLES VILLENEUVE, averaging 171.9 mph in a Ferrari, finished 3.4 seconds ahead of his teammate, Andy Schecther of South Africa, to win the South African Grand Prix.

**SKIING**—PETER WÖRNSBERGER of Austria won the men's downhill at the World Cup race in Lake Placid, N.Y. with a time of 1:42.88 in his second-place finish. Peter Müller of Switzerland by 0.12 second. ANNE-MARIE MOSER-PROBOL, of Austria defeated Switzerland's Marie-Theres Nadig by 1/16 of a second to win the women's downhill in 1:43.02, and

INGEMAR STENMARK, of Sweden won the giant slalom. His time of 2:38.93 was 1.08 seconds better than that of Hans Enn of Austria (page 12).

**TENNIS**—JIMMY CONNORS defeated Arthur Ashe 6-4, 5-7, 6-3 in the \$750,000 U.S. Indoor Championships in Memphis for the 80th time.

**MARTINA NAVRATILOVA**, born Clara, won 6-4, 6-4 to win the \$100,000 Avon Championships of Dallas.

**TRACK & FIELD**—DAN RIPLEY of Newark, Calif. broke the world indoor record for the pole vault in the U.S.S.R. U.S. meet in Fort Worth. His leap of 16' 9½" was a quarter of an inch higher than the mark Mike Tully of UCLA set last year. At the same meet, LYUDMILA STOKICHNEVA of the Soviet Union broke the women's world indoor record for the 800-yard dash with a time of 6:43, 68 of a second better than the mark set last week by Evelyn Ashford of Los Angeles. Second place finisher (Canadian) Breckinridge of Syracuse State was also under the world mark with an American record of 6:48. The U.S. men's team defeated the U.S.S.R. 57-46, and the Soviet women beat the U.S. women 52-44, giving the United States a 121-113 combined victory (page 34).

**MELOPOTS**—ANNOUNCED: The marriage of tennis star JIMMY CONNORS, 26, to PATTI McGUIRE, 27, Playboy magazine's 1977 Playmate of the Year, reportedly in Tokyo last week.

**DIED** By Vascular, basketball coach WAYNE DORRIS, 39, who had a first year record of 38-40.

As coach of the WHA's Winnipeg Jets, LARRY HILLMAN, 42, who had a 155 year record of 78-55-8 and directed Winnipeg to the league championship last year. At the time of his dismissal, the Jets were in third place and had lost eight of their last 11 games. Hillman was replaced by TOM McVIE, 43, former coach of the Washington Capitals of the NHL.

**ARMED** As football coach at the Air Force Academy, KEN HATFIELD, 35, who won the Academy's offensive coordinator last season. Hatfield succeeds Bill Parcells, 38, who resigned to become Tampa Bay coach of the New York Giants.

## CREDITS

21—James Drake 22—Walter Irwin at 26, 30—George Telemachus 23—Walter Irwin 24—George Telemachus 25—Walter Irwin 26—George Telemachus 27—Walter Irwin 28—George Telemachus 29—Walter Irwin 30—George Telemachus 31—Walter Irwin 32—George Telemachus 33—Walter Irwin 34—George Telemachus 35—Walter Irwin 36—George Telemachus 37—Walter Irwin 38—George Telemachus 39—Walter Irwin 40—George Telemachus 41—Walter Irwin 42—George Telemachus 43—Walter Irwin 44—George Telemachus 45—Walter Irwin 46—George Telemachus 47—Walter Irwin 48—George Telemachus 49—Walter Irwin 50—George Telemachus 51—Walter Irwin 52—George Telemachus 53—Walter Irwin 54—George Telemachus 55—Walter Irwin 56—George Telemachus 57—Walter Irwin 58—George Telemachus 59—Walter Irwin 60—George Telemachus 61—Walter Irwin 62—George Telemachus 63—Walter Irwin 64—George Telemachus 65—Walter Irwin 66—George Telemachus 67—Walter Irwin 68—George Telemachus 69—Walter Irwin 70—George Telemachus 71—Walter Irwin 72—George Telemachus 73—Walter Irwin 74—George Telemachus 75—Walter Irwin 76—George Telemachus 77—Walter Irwin 78—George Telemachus 79—Walter Irwin 80—George Telemachus 81—Walter Irwin 82—George Telemachus 83—Walter Irwin 84—George Telemachus 85—Walter Irwin 86—George Telemachus 87—Walter Irwin 88—George Telemachus 89—Walter Irwin 90—George Telemachus 91—Walter Irwin 92—George Telemachus 93—Walter Irwin 94—George Telemachus 95—Walter Irwin 96—George Telemachus 97—Walter Irwin 98—George Telemachus 99—Walter Irwin 100—George Telemachus

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**JOHN ALIRE**  
Seattle, Tex. M's

Alire, 45, and Roybal, 38, have coached their respective Sports in a total of seven state championships in the last five years. Alire's boys' cross-country squads have won the title four times since 1974, and his 1978 team took the AAU national age-group championship in Albuquerque. Roybal coached the girls' volleyball squad to the state title this year, the boys' basketball team to the AAAA crown in '78 and the boy golfers to the championship in '76.

**LEONARD ROYBAL**  
Seattle, Tex. M's



**GARRET DYER**  
Seattle, Tex. M's

Dyer, a 6'7" forward and perhaps the top schoolboy player in Southern California, averaged 31.4 points and 13.9 rebounds for John F. Kennedy High. A two-time all-Los Angeles selection, he scored 1,837 points in three years.



**MIKE MALISZEWSKI**  
Bismarck

Mike, an eighth-grader at Transfiguration Grammar School, scored 79 points in the Tigers' 100-44 basketball win over St. John Kanty. A 5'11" guard with a 38.3-point average, he broke his own league single-game record of 96.



**PEGGY ANN GLAVIN**  
St. Paul

Peggy Ann, 9, broke the track records for her age group in the four races she entered at the Great Lakes Speedskating Championships in Milwaukee. She won the 200 meters (23.63), 300 (32.15), 400 (44.64) and 500 (57.14).



**STEPHEN SLOAN**  
San Francisco

Sloan, a 40-year-old real-estate investor, coached the largest high school team when he caught an 862-pound black marlin off Lizard Island, Australia. He was trailing with rugged mackerel and bittled the fish for 37 minutes.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

## RED SOX FAN

Sir:

Jonathan Schwartz' brilliant piece on last fall's Red Sox-Yankee playoff game (*A Day of Light and Shadows*, Feb. 26) vividly captures the agony of that event for me and other Boston fans. I was depressed for days after the game. After much soul-searching, I decided that being a Red Sox fan was just too painful and that, for the sake of my emotional health, I should forget about baseball.

But Schwartz brought back all the old feelings. When he called Gary Hancock "a slim Gary Geiger kind of guy," I knew I could never leave the Red Sox behind. I'm not sure if I should thank him.

JOHN ARCHER  
Ashford, Conn.

Sir:

Jonathan Schwartz' crisp descriptions of Pinella's catch, Dent's homer and his own yearning for a torrential rain before the last of the seventh inning could be completed, brought back every emotion I felt that day.

JIM DOUGAN  
Springfield, Mass.

Sir:

Superb! As a Sox fan who has just recovered from the playoff game, I feared reliving the anguish of its outcome while reading Jonathan Schwartz' chilling account of the game. To leave me with Yaz at bat in the bottom of the ninth was pure emotional relief.

Not only did Schwartz salvage the 1978 season, but he also justified 1979.

PHILIP BUGNACKI  
Orlando, Fla.

Sir:

The article is soothing for those of us who still wake up in the middle of the night muttering, "Bucky Dent, Bucky Dent."

RAY MELPARY  
Lexington, Mass.

Sir:

Having been a New York Yankee fan for the past 15 years and having often tuned in Jonathan Schwartz on the radio, I have to comment on his wonderful article, which defines fanaticism.

I speak from experience. I had to pull off the San Bernardino Freeway to weep tears of joy after listening to the Yankees defeat the Dodgers in the 1977 World Series. Although I now reside in Los Angeles, my heart is still in the rightfield bleachers at 161st Street and River Avenue in the Bronx.

The Sox will be back, Jonathan. But not as long as we have Gaudy.

BARRY H. GOLDSTEIN, M.D.  
Los Angeles

Sir:

Although a Red Sox follower myself, I envied Schwartz the luxury of carrying his loyalty to such glorious excess. I suspect that most of us harbor a secret desire to be not only a sports hero like Carl Yastrzemski, but also the ideal fan à la Jonathan Schwartz.

MICHAEL WELCH  
Washington, D.C.

## REVAMPING THE NBA

Sir:

Thank you for John Papanek's excellent article on the problems confronting the NBA (*There's an Ill Wind Blowing for the NBA*, Feb. 26). Aside from what seems to be a 365-day-a-year schedule, a particular problem affecting our area is the supposed regional telecast. Every Sunday for the past three seasons we have been force-fed the Washington or Philadelphia game when the nearest pro team is in Atlanta. Southerners tend to favor a Southern team.

ROBERT LOVEDAY  
Powell, Tenn.

Sir:

I disagree with the suggestion that sagging attendance and TV ratings are a result of a greater number of blacks than whites in the NBA. I think the trouble stems from the type of basketball (if you can call it that) that the NBA plays. The college game has finesse, strategy, a shorter season and just plain better basketball. The NBA has roughness, a 24-second clock, no strategy and a season that's too long. No fan in his right mind would choose to watch a pro game, with its run-and-gun style and everybody playing exactly the same way, when he could watch a college game and find different styles of play and teams that play defense.

ROBERT ALLEN  
Canton, N.C.

Sir:

You won't convince me that the trouble is racial in origin. Unfortunately, there will always be those ignorant few who would rather ponder the ratio of black to white players in the lineup than consider the artistry of the game.

The men who make up the NBA are one thing above all else—gifted athletes. I believe the overwhelming majority of fans see them as such.

KIM ALTYG  
Ridgely, Wash.

Sir:

As a 37-year-old, white, upper-middle-class, former pro basketball fan, I would make these observations:

None of the games seem to be regarded as

special by the pro players. They affect a "day at the office" attitude, with the major emphasis being placed on individual statistics. The outcome of the game appears to be of secondary importance. Contrast this with the obvious intensity displayed in college basketball. There one has the feeling that the players—black and white—genuinely care about the outcome.

Paul Silas makes a very good point. However, what if we amended his statement to remove the racial references? It would read: "It is a fact that . . . people in general look unfavorably upon [other people] who are making astronomical amounts of money if it appears they are not working hard for that money."

I feel that way, and the only form of protest that is available to me is to ignore the NBA.

JOHN L. LEBLANC  
Stone Mountain, Ga.

Sir:

Fans can no longer be sure who'll be playing for the home team on any given night. Once players stayed with a team for a whole season—or for as long as five years or even their whole careers. Now no sooner do we learn a player's name than we find that he's moved on.

Color's not the problem, but continuity certainly is.

JO ANN KAMINSKI  
Jersey City

Sir:

Sure the NBA has problems—traveling, hand-checking and fouling! One would think that the greatest players in the world could play by the rules.

RUSS BELLAMY  
Avalon, Calif.

Sir:

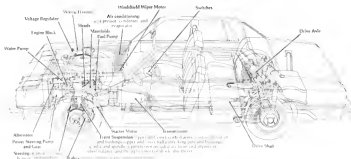
You mentioned the fact that next season each team will play 60 games in its own conference to build up rivalries, and thus increase attendance. I have a better idea: cut the season in half, each team playing 41 games. This would make every game important. It would also be easier on the players, which means they would be able to play their best all season long.

You touched lightly on the money portion of the problem. Is any player worth more than \$300,000? Certainly not! If a player wants to make big money, he should help win the championship. Maybe clubs should lower salaries and then have the league hand out large playoff bonuses.

TOM LUPPO  
Milwaukee

continued

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19TH HOLE (continued)

### MILERS AHEAD

Sir:

When Eamonn Coghlan broke Dick Butler's world indoor mile record (*This Was a Time to Remember*, Feb. 26), it must have been a great thrill for Coach Jim Effort of Villanova. Coghlan and Butler are only two of an extraordinary number of male champions produced by Jumbo during the past 40 years. Looking ahead, it would appear that Sydney Maree, a Villanova sophomore, is the man most likely to threaten Coghlan's record. And if Coghlan wins the Olympic gold medal in the 1,500-meter run in Moscow next year, he will be the first Irishman to do so since one of Effort's greatest protégés, Ron Delany, won in Melbourne in 1956.

PETER J. O'BRIEN  
Mount Pocono, Pa.

Sir:

I congratulate Eamonn Coghlan on his splendid record of 3:52.8. His was a magnificent performance and served to bring the indoor mark closer to its next goal, a sub-3:50 indoor standard.

JIM BEATTY  
Charlotte, N.C.

### BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Sir:

In your item on famous brother-sister combinations (*SCORECARD*, Feb. 28) you failed to mention Sharon and Michael Finerman. Sharon was a 10-time national swimming champion in the early '60s and the first woman to hold world records in three different "strokes" (butterfly, freestyle and individual medley). Her younger brother Michael, who swam at Ohio State, won three national diving titles in the early '70s and represented the U.S. in the '72 Olympics in both the platform and springboard events.

PHILIP K. CRIBBS  
Atlanta

### NORTHWESTERN WINNERS

Sir:

A few months ago you had a story about the Northwestern football team and theater department (*Waa-Ma! Waa-Who?*, Oct. 30). Well, our football team didn't win any games last season, and the *Waa-Who* show is now holding auditions for its 1979 performance. So, in those respects, things haven't changed much around here.

But on Feb. 10 the Northwestern women's basketball team won the Big Ten championship! The Wildcats now have a record of 21-3 and they are ranked in the Top 20. Coach Mary DiStasio has done an excellent job.

Sport isn't dead at Northwestern, it just comes in a different shape.

LAWRENCE D. LIVING  
St. Louis Park, Minn.

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